

FAMOUS AMERICANS' SERIES

FOUR GREAT

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS, No. I

WASHINGTON; JEFFERSON, JACKSON,
LINCOLN

A BOOK FOR AMERICAN READERS

BY

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J. M. STRADLING & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

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Jul. 12, 1905
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CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

	PAGE
I. BOYHOOD DAYS	9
II. WASHINGTON'S YOUTH	19
III. WINNING HIS SPURS	29
IV. WASHINGTON'S FIRST COMMAND	39
V. WASHINGTON WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK	47
VI. DAYS OF PEACE	60
VII. INDIGNATION	68
VIII. REBELLION	76
IX. THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE	85
X. THE PRESIDENT	100

CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

	PAGE
I. CELEBRATING HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY	111
II. COLLEGE DAYS	120
III. PRACTISING LAW	129
IV. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE	136
V. SERVING VIRGINIA	146
VI. MINISTER TO FRANCE	158
VII. AT HOME ONCE MORE	173
VIII. THE PRESIDENT	184
IX. THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO	197

CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF "OLD HICKORY."

ANDREW JACKSON.

	PAGE
I. BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF ANDREW JACKSON	211
II. JACKSON IN THE REVOLUTION	214
III. JOURNEY TO THE FAR WEST	221
IV. WILD LIFE IN TENNESSEE	224
V. JACKSON IN CONGRESS	229
VI. JACKSON BECOMES A JUDGE	232
VII. "OLD HICKORY"	237
VIII. FIGHTING INDIANS	242
IX. MORE INDIAN FIGHTING	245
X. A MAJOR GENERAL	250
XI. BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS	254
XII. ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE	259
XIII. JACKSON BECOMES PRESIDENT	264
XIV. JACKSON AS PRESIDENT	269
XV. JACKSON'S OLD AGE	273

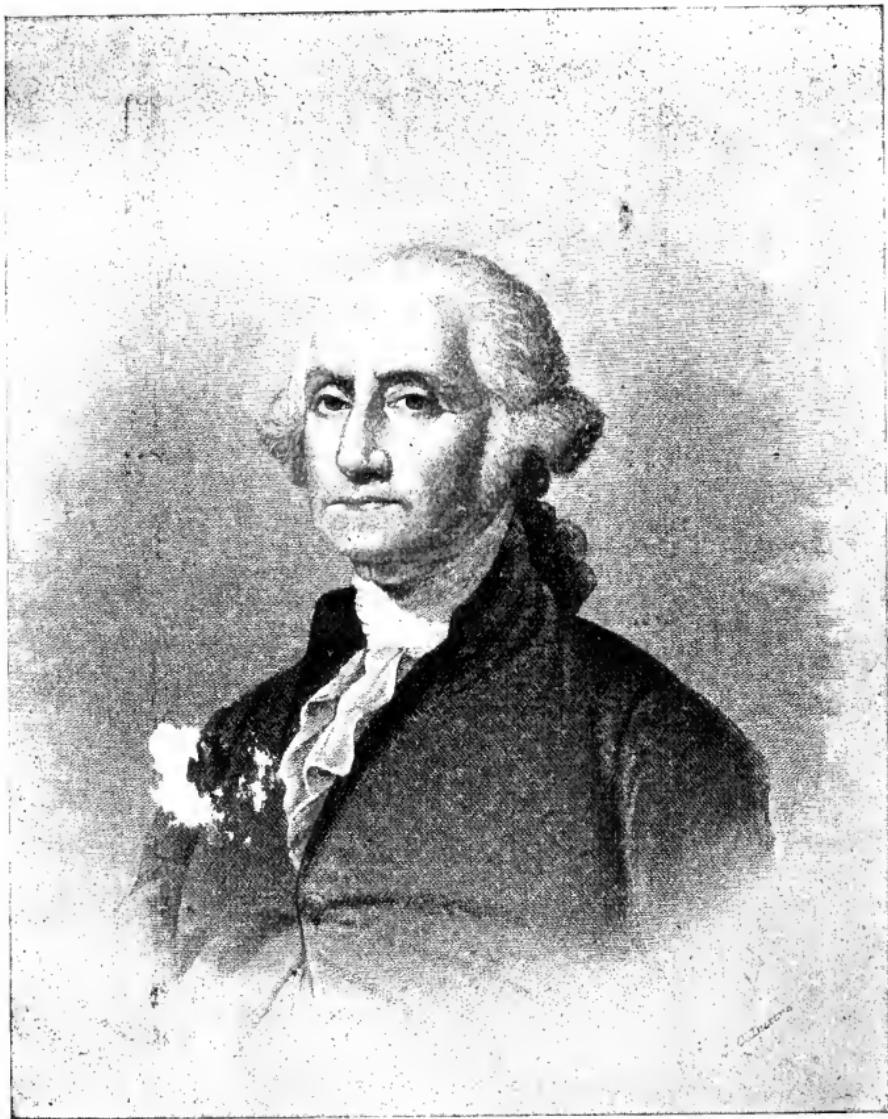
CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

	PAGE
I. AN UNPROMISING START IN LIFE	281
II. THE INDIANA HOME	287
III. ROUGH SCHOOLING	295
IV. OF AGE	304
V. A POLITICIAN	316
VI. A LAWYER	325
VII. POLITICAL SUCCESS	334
VIII. A LEADER	342
IX. THE PRESIDENT	351

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE STORY OF THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY MISS FRANCES M. PERRY.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

WE like to call George Washington the father of our country. This title must not make us think of him as connected with the early settlement of America. Fifty years had passed since the settlement of Jamestown, and Virginia was already a flourishing colony when George Washington's great-grandfather crossed the sea to make his home on the western side of the Atlantic.

He bought an extensive tract of fertile land, lying between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers. He cleared the forest, ploughed the ground, and cultivated acres of the broad-leaved tobacco, to be shipped to the home

country, where it was in great demand and brought a good price.

On this estate, in a house built near Bridge's Creek, his children and his children's children were born and grew to manhood; and here, as every schoolboy knows, on February 22, 1732, George Washington was born.

So, even though the country was still young and undeveloped, Washington enjoyed some of those advantages that we usually think of as belonging only to citizens of older countries. His people were known and respected far and near: and many important planters in that part of the colony were related to his family by ties of blood or marriage.

Though the Washingtons had prospered, they lived very simply. The old-fashioned wooden farmhouse in which George Washington was born had four rooms on the ground-floor. The roof came down almost to the tops of the doors and windows, in front and rear.

At the high-gabled ends of the building were great brick chimneys. The old house was unpretentious, even for that period, but it was dear

to the Washington family, for every room in the house, every tree in the garden, had connected with it some oft-repeated story in which a favorite aunt, uncle, or cousin figured prominently.

When little George was about three years old, his father, Augustine Washington, moved from their plantation, on Bridge's Creek, to a large estate on the Rappahannock, near the village of Fredericksburg, and it was not until he was eleven years of age that he went back to the home of his ancestors to live once more.

Augustine Washington was married twice, and George was the first child of his second marriage. George's two half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, were well-grown youths when he was born. They took great delight in their little brother, and his younger brothers and sisters never displaced George in their affections.

They were well-bred, manly boys, and George felt great love and admiration for them. As soon as he was old enough, George was sent to school to one of his father's tenants. This

man was named Hobby. He combined with the affairs of schoolmaster that of sexton. He was a man of but little learning.

Still, people were glad to have him teach their children how to read and write and work out problems in arithmetic, for the little ones were in a fair way to grow up ignorant of even these elementary branches of knowledge. Most of the men who were well educated were in demand for other work, and capable schoolmasters were rare in the new country.

It would not seem strange if George Washington had cared very little for books and the work of the schoolroom when he was a small boy; for his schoolmasters were the men he associated with learning, and they were not the sort of men that he cared to resemble. His father and the men who seemed to him important he saw more often in the saddle, booted and spurred, than reading books and writing letters.

Then, too, books and letters and papers were all so rare in that part of the world when he was a boy that they could not seem to him to

be an important element in life. Besides, he was strong and full of energy and spirit, and liked much better to be playing ball or racing over the fields on some half-tamed horse than sitting at a desk writing.

But however much he disliked school, he worked faithfully and well at his school tasks. He probably would have done so in any circumstance, for he had a great deal of self-control and believed his elders required of him what was for his good. But he had one strong incentive to study that we must not forget.

In those days the colonists regarded England as the source of nearly all things desirable. From England came the great sailing ships that brought the spinet, the high mahogany dresser, the brass andirons, the tall clock, the brocade gowns, the satin breeches, the silk stockings, the china and silver-ware for the table, the loaves of fine white sugar, the coffee and tea, the carriages and harness, the saddles, whips, pistols and swords—all to be exchanged for bales of tobacco.

It was from England that the Virginia matron

procured the fashions for furnishing her house, dressing her hair, and making puddings. It was of the English king and English statesmen and English writers that Virginia gentlemen talked, and it was to the English universities that the well-to-do Virginia planters sent their sons.

When George Washington was a little boy, his brother Lawrence was being educated in England. His letters were watched for eagerly, read many times, and discussed with the utmost interest and no small amount of pride by family and friends. When George was eight years old Lawrence came home.

Tall and handsome, dignified and courteous with his talk of far-away places and interesting people, it is not strange that the elder brother appeared to the younger the very pattern of a gentleman. To be like that one day would be reward enough for hours of adding long columns of figures and laboriously copying rules of deportment and right conduct.

The strong influence of Lawrence Washington on the life of his younger brother was not

lessened by his again leaving home. This time he went to war. He had been made captain of a company of Virginia soldiers, and, under Admiral Vernon, acquitted himself gallantly in the campaign against the Spaniards in the West Indies.

This made him more a hero than ever in the eyes of nine-year-old George, who spent his time acting as captain of a company of schoolboys, drilling them or leading violent charges against imaginary Spaniards. After an absence of two years the gallant young captain came home. Preparations were being made for his marriage with the eldest daughter of the honorable William Fairfax. His marriage was postponed, however, by the death of his father.

Augustine Washington had been a man of affairs. Besides large farms, well equipped and stocked with valuable cattle, besides chattels and slaves, he left to his sons important interests in the largest iron works in Virginia.

His fortune was not divided equally among his children, for in those days it was thought very undesirable to break up a family estate,

and, however much the younger children might be loved, it was usually the first-born who on the death of the father took the place at the head of the family and inherited the largest part of the property.

Accordingly, Lawrence Washington received the lion's share of his father's property, a beautiful estate on the Potomac. But his younger brothers were not left portionless. To the namesake and second son, Augustine, was willed the old Bridge's Creek homestead. George was to have the farm on the Rappahannock.

Mrs. Washington was entrusted with the care of her own children and their property till they should become of age. Lawrence and Augustine soon married and took possession of their estates. Mrs. Washington was a practical business-like woman.

She saw that with her limited income and large family she could not give her sons the educational advantages their half-brothers had enjoyed. George, the eldest must speedily be trained for some occupation which would enable him to better his fortune.

There was a good school now in the Bridge's Creek neighborhood, so, at the age of eleven, George went back to his birthplace to live with his brother Augustine. He attended Mr. Williams' school and worked diligently to acquire business methods.

He took pains to write a good hand, to master arithmetic, and to learn, by careful and frequent copying, business forms, deeds, bills of lading, and book-keeping. He tried always to be accurate and thorough in his work. He preferred action to study, however, and the sober pains-taking student became an enthusiastic athlete when school hours were over; to work and to sport, in turn, he gave whole-hearted attention.

The result was that he was relied upon by young and old. His comrades pinned their faith in him in contests in running, swimming, or strength of arm. His elders knew he could be counted upon to execute faithfully the most difficult undertakings.

This very practical boy was not without his dreams. He wanted to go to sea. His father

had been a good seaman and had commanded a ship. His brother Lawrence had been a naval officer in the expedition under Admiral Vernon. The boy's idea was not to escape the monotony of school and to seek adventure. He looked upon the navy as the open door to a military life and he was willing to undergo some hard experience as a sailor in order to fit himself for naval service.

So strong was his desire that he succeeded in persuading others of the wisdom of his plan. And when he was fourteen some steps were taken to secure for him a place on a sailing vessel. Fortunately, some of his relatives interfered at the last moment, and the would-be sailor went back to school for two years more. Though disappointed he threw himself into his work with characteristic zeal, giving special attention now to surveying.

CHAPTER II.

WASHINGTON'S YOUTH.

WHEN vacation came George Washington was always ready for a ride across-country to make his brother Lawrence a visit. After his marriage the latter had built a fine house on his estate. He called the place Mount Vernon, in honor of his former naval commander and friend.

The young man was well liked by his neighbors, so they elected him to represent them in the House of Burgesses. His home was an attractive place, and frequently friends or traveling strangers tested the hospitality of the master and mistress.

George Washington was always sure of a warm welcome and delightful entertainment at Mount Vernon. He was fond of the society of older men. He enjoyed listening to their discussions of business and politics, their talk

of the development of western lands, of colonies, of old England, of universities, of courts and camps. The guests at his brother's table were usually men of experience, and their lively talk had in it much to interest and inform a wide-awake youth.

The boy himself at first took small part in these discussions, but when he answered a question or ventured a comment it showed so much sense that it received flattering consideration. Though reticent, George Washington was by no means bashful. He had too true a sense of relative values to underestimate his own worth, and always had a large measure of self-respect.

His fondness for the society of older men was encouraged by Lawrence Washington and his friends. All liked the tall, thoughtful boy, whose calm gray eyes looked straight at one when he talked, who was always ready but never in a hurry. He made a good companion, and did not seem in the way when the conversation was such that he did not understand and to which he could not contribute.

He was an appreciative listener and could ask sensible questions, and when it came to the hunt he was as good a rider as any: fearless and enduring, he attracted attention by his splendid horsemanship. Lord Fairfax, the brother of Lawrence Washington's father-in-law, was especially pleased with the youth. Lord Fairfax had spent most of his life in England, and had been a man of fashion as well as a man of affairs.

He had written for the *Spectator*, and was as clever in speech as in print. He had not been in America long enough to lose his interest in England nor to be fully acquainted with colonial life.

Among the people he had met in the new world, few listened with interest so untiring and who was so keen to talk of his past life as this brother of Lawrence Washington. His pleasure in young Washington's society did not consist solely in the satisfaction one takes in giving information and pleasure to one eager to learn.

For, while he had found many who could discourse at length on Virginia and America,

he had found few who could tell him exactly what he wanted to know about Fairfax County or Virginia manners and customs so accurately and in so few words as this clear-headed boy. In spite of the difference in their ages, a strong friendship sprang up between the two.

At Mount Vernon and at Belvoir, the Fairfax estate, George Washington came in contact with the best people in the colony: men and women whose rough, active life had not at all made them forget elaborate courtesy and stately manners. Living on the verge of the wilderness, they, so far as possible, lived in the style prevailing in "merrie" England.

A coach-and-six on Virginia's undrained, ungraded roads, for state occasions; yes, and gowns of stiff brocade, and powdered wigs, sparkling wines, and shining swords and duels, if need be! Among such people the youth learned never to be careless in appearance, speech, or manner. With so much to recommend him and with so many influential friends, this younger brother had no difficulty in getting a start in business.

When he was sixteen years old he was entrusted by Lord Fairfax with an important piece of work. Lord Fairfax had a vast estate in the wilderness beyond the mountains. He planned to build for himself a great mansion on this estate and go there to live. First, however, he wanted the land surveyed and a reliable map of it drawn. He knew of George Washington's interest in surveying, and asked him if he would be willing to undertake the survey of his land.

The responsibility did not awe the inexperienced boy. He readily consented, for a compensation of about a doubloon a day, to take charge of the survey. Early in March, before the snow was all melted in the deep mountain ravines, he started on the expedition, with the nephew of Lord Fairfax for company. The youths had good horses and set out for the wilderness in high spirits.

They went first to his lordship's "quarters," where the directors and the employes on the great estate lived. Then, with little luggage, and with assistants to carry chain and transit, axes, and other implements with which to do the

heavy work of marking boundaries, Washington and his friend commenced their journey through almost unexplored territory. Inns there were none; so the surveying party had to depend on the hospitality of the few scattered settlers for lodging at night.

The accommodations offered them were of the poorest, and after a single night's experience in sleeping in the close loft of a settler's cabin, with nothing but unclean straw for covering, the fastidious Washington chose to spend his nights wrapped in his cloak on the ground by the fire.

At one time they fell in with a party of Indians. Washington had seen very little of the Indians, and his curiosity concerning them was keen. With presents he induced them to give a war dance for his benefit. He made careful notes in his diary concerning the savages and also about the pioneers he met in his travels.

The weather was unsettled. The bridgeless rivers and creeks were swollen; roads were almost impassable where there was any pre-

tense of a road. But Washington had not expected a frolic. When the weather would permit he pushed the work of surveying with business-like rapidity.

On stormy days he worked over his maps and reports. He had all his life ridden much going from his mother's home to his brother's, and he had, unconsciously almost, learned many important lessons about watersheds, natural drainage, forests, good soils, etc., and this knowledge enabled him to make valuable observations.

When, early in April, he returned to Belvoir he gave a most satisfactory report of work done. Lord Fairfax was greatly pleased, and, it is supposed, used his influence to have Washington appointed public surveyor. At any rate, Washington received the appointment, and was kept busy on the frontier with line and transit for three years.

During those years he learned much about the country that was to be of service to him later. With wonted thrift he made note of desirable tracts of land that he or some friend

of his should one day purchase. But more important than that, he acquired wood love and knowledge of the pioneers and the Indians on his various surveying expeditions that were to help him in time of need.

His experience on the frontier made him strong and hardy but never coarsened him. He spent much of his leisure time at Mount Vernon with his brother, or with Lord Fairfax at Greenway Court. Lord Fairfax had built a comfortable lodge on his estate and lived in simple plenty—farming, hunting, or reading at pleasure, and always glad to have young Washington to share either business or pastime with him.

Under his guidance, in the days spent at Greenway Court, Washington read a good deal of English history and became familiar with the essays of Addison and Steele. He must have enjoyed especially the Sir Roger de Coverly papers, since he could scarcely be blind to the points of similarity between that worthy character and his generous but sometimes eccentric host.

While George Washington was growing into robust manhood, his brother Lawrence was failing in health. The devotion of the brothers had strengthened with years. The younger now spent as much time as possible at Mount Vernon, and in his quiet, capable way took charge of much of the business of the estate, relieving Lawrence of care and responsibility wherever he could, till the latter came to look to his brother for advice and help as well as comradeship.

When the doctors said a trip to the West Indies might prove beneficial to Lawrence, George, at his request, gave up his position as surveyor and went South with him. It was his first voyage, and the two men took great pleasure in the novel scenes and experiences. Unfortunately, they accepted an invitation to dine at a house where one of the members of the family had small-pox.

They were aware of the danger, and George wrote in his journal that he accepted the invitation with some reluctance. Well he might, for in due time he was taken ill with the dreaded

disease. After an illness of some three weeks he was, however, well and strong again.

For a time it was hoped that Lawrence Washington's health was decidedly benefited by the change. But the relief proved only temporary, and he died soon after his return to Mount Vernon. He showed his great love and trust in his half-brother by leaving to him the management of the fortune of his wife and daughter, and by willing to him the greater part of that fortune provided he should outlive them.

CHAPTER III.

WINNING HIS SPURS.

"I WAS commissioned and appointed by the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., Governor of Virginia, to visit and deliver a letter to the commandant of the French forces of the Ohio, and set out on the intended journey the same day." Thus wrote George Washington in his journal, in the autumn of 1753.

But what were the French forces doing on the Ohio? Why was the Governor of Virginia sending them a letter? And why was a youth of twenty-one selected to bear the governor's message?

The last question is the most easily answered. Because there was a youth of twenty-one able to do the work successfully and eager to do it. How George Washington came to be ready for an embassy that required a tried man, at an age when many youths are irresponsible college

"boys," we have in part seen, for his selection for this important mission shows to what good purpose he had put his early years of life.

After the death of his brother Lawrence, though he took almost entire charge of the Mount Vernon estate, he had time to give to public affairs. Through the influence of his brother he had been appointed district adjutant general, and had control of the organization and equipment of one-fourth of the militia of Virginia. Some of Captain Lawrence Washington's old comrades in arms were at hand to school the youthful major in military matters.

That there was need of preparation for war, the Washingtons were among the first Virginians to realize. Lawrence Washington had been president of the Ohio Company, whose purpose was to protect English trade and to further settlement in English land beyond the mountains. He had seen more clearly than most men that the French aimed at nothing less than absolute control of the trade with the Indians and possession of the western land.

He knew what progress the bold French traders and missionaries had made in the West. He knew that the Indians were attracted by the gay, pleasure-loving French and repelled by the serious-faced, hard-working English; and he felt that the defense of the extensive frontier against the combined strength of the French and Indians would be a difficult matter.

Governor Dinwiddie was also a member of the Ohio Company, and agreed with its president. So, when the French advanced to Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, while other governors were waiting for the action of colonial legislatures, the Virginia governor wrote to his majesty the king, explaining the situation, and received prompt directions to build forts if he could get the money, and if the French advanced upon English territory to request them peaceably to depart, "or, if necessary, to drive them off by force of arms."

The French were not slow to justify the alarm Governor Dinwiddie had sounded. They were reported to have advanced to the headwaters of the Ohio and to be building

forts there. First, the king's instructions said the French should be warned "peaceably to depart." The governor must find a brave and responsible messenger to carry that warning and to see how far the report was correct. This called for a man who could face danger without flinching.

On the thirtieth day of October, 1753, he appointed George Washington to take the message. If he desired a prompt agent, young Washington promised to give satisfaction. No time was lost in elaborate preparation for the five-hundred-mile march through the wilderness. On the day he received his appointment Washington "set out on his journey."

He could not speak French, so he took with him as interpreter Captain Van Braam, who had taught him the use of sword and musket in more peaceful days at Mount Vernon. The first part of the journey was the easiest. The horses were fresh; the cabins of settlers and traders not infrequent; a road had been opened by the Ohio Company, and the party was encumbered with little luggage. Still, it was

the middle of November before Washington made the last halt in Virginia.

This was at Will's Creek, where the Ohio Company had established a store. When he left Will's Creek on the fifteenth of November his way lay over a winding Indian trail, along which his little band rode single file. At its head was Christopher Gist, a hardy woodman who had served the Ohio Company as surveyor along the Ohio River.

He was a rugged man, well acquainted with the solitude of uninhabited mountains and plains, thoroughly at home with the red man, versed in their prejudices and weaknesses, and skilled in managing them. Washington found in him a faithful and invaluable guide. Over mountain ranges, through valleys, across streams, the trail wound. The days grew shorter as well as raw and cold. The rain fell ceaselessly, and the tired horses made slow progress on the slippery trail.

Washington had not been a wilderness surveyor in vain, for, however hard the way, he was not exhausted and made no complaint.

Still, even the stanch Washington was glad to see the smoke of a cabin chimney as he neared the place where Turtle Creek enters the Monongahela River. But Frazer, the inmate of that cabin, had no good news for the English.

The French, he said, had driven him from his house at Venango and were building a fort there. Moreover, he had received a belt of wampum and a speech for the governor of Virginia, telling of strong Indian tribes which had joined the French cause. At Logstown Washington was met by some friendly Indians who attached themselves to his company. Venango, as he had expected, he found the French flag floating over the Frazer cabin.

Here he and his men were received with great courtesy. But in the evening, as they sat around the fire, liquor flowed freely, and the French forgot their caution and gave the ever-watchful envoy a glimpse of their true attitude toward the English. Washington described the experience as follows: "The wives, as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with

it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in their conversation, and gave a license to their tongues to reveal their sentiments more fully." "They told me that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and they would do it; for that although they were sensible the English could raise two men to their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any undertaking of theirs."

Four more days of travel brought the governor's messenger to Fort Le Bœuf, his journey's end. While waiting for the commander's party, Washington and his men were again entertained with the utmost civility. It was now the middle of December. Washington had seen enough to make him feel sure that no time was to be lost. Governor Dinwiddie must know what the French were doing in the king's territory.

But horses and men were well-nigh exhausted. Washington decided to try to make part of the journey in canoes. The streams were winding and choked with ice, however,

and that method of traveling took too much time to suit him. Therefore, leaving the rest of his party to follow at a slower pace, and not heeding remonstrances, he set out on foot, accompanied only by Gist. After a day in the saddle Washington was fresh and bright, but he was not used to walking and suffered greatly from fatigue.

Near the Ohio an Indian offered his services as guide, with every appearance of friendliness. At the first opportunity he turned treacherously and fired on the travelers, but Washington and Gist were not the men to be taken unawares. They not only escaped injury, but caught the Indian and wrested his gun from him.

Gist would have shot the Indian on the spot, but Washington prevented him. Gist argued that if he were left alive he would follow them and repeat his attempt on their lives. Washington saw the danger, but he saw also that at this juncture the English must give the Indians no cause for complaint. He, therefore, insisted that the Indian should be allowed to

live, and by giving him a false idea of their plans succeeded in evading him.

The journey home, though difficult and dangerous in the extreme, was at length safely accomplished. Washington reached Williamsburg on the 16th of January, and delivered to the governor the French commander's defiant reply to his letter. The French officer said, in part: "As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey it. Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by virtue of the orders of my general; and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt one moment but that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution which can be expected from the best officer. I made it my particular care to receive Mr. Washington with a distinction suitable to your dignity, as well as to his own quality and great merit."

The governor requested Washington to make a report of his journey to his Council, which met on the day after Washington's return. He had carefully kept a journal during his absence, and from that he hastily drew up a report.

This report or journal was considered a most valuable document. It was published and distributed in America and London. It was so accurate and frank an account of existing conditions that it everywhere created great interest.

CHAPTER IV.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST COMMAND.

THERE was now no hope of peace. Troops must be sent to drive away the intruding French, and forts must be built on the disputed ground. Having executed so well the first trust committed to him, it was but natural that Washington should now be given a more responsible position. He was accordingly made lieutenant-colonel under Colonel Fry.

This time, however, he could not start on the day he received his commission. Upon him devolved much of the burden of raising and organizing the Virginia troops. As almost no money was provided with which to pay the soldiers and provide them with clothing and ammunition, he found this a heavy task and one that required much time.

He felt sure the French would make the

best of the delay, and with shame and anger he remembered how they had boasted that the French could beat twice their number of English, because the English were so slow.

He was impatient to be off and hurry out to Captain Trent, who had been sent in advance with a few men to seize and fortify a site Washington had chosen as suitable for a fort, at the meeting of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers. Before the main body of the troops were ready he set out with several companies to prepare the way for the rapid advance of the troops when they should be ready to move.

He and his handful of men had not gone far when he received word that he was too late to support Captain Trent. A large body of French had reached the headwaters of the Ohio and compelled the little band of English to retreat. The French were already at work building a large, strong fort at the point abandoned by the English. This famous fort was afterward known as Fort Du Quesne.

In spite of this discouraging news Washington pressed on, clearing the way for Colonel

Fry. As he advanced the peril of his position increased. His friends were—he knew not how far—behind; his foes—he knew not how close—before. For while an attack was scarcely to be feared from the French, their Indian allies could not be depended upon to wait for the English to open the war, and there was no telling what measures the French themselves might take to provoke the English and bring about an engagement.

Washington was therefore not surprised when a friendly Indian reported to him that a French scouting party was lurking about in the woods. The report was vague, however, and Washington sent out spies to definitely learn the whereabouts of the enemy. They scoured the woods for several days before they found the French established in an almost inaccessible place.

The night was black and the rain fell heavily, when Washington executed the first of those sudden and secret manœuvres for which he was later noted. By a long and devious march over a steep and narrow pass he succeeded in taking the French off their guard. The French made

a brave attempt to defend themselves, but after a sharp skirmish they were compelled to surrender. Ten of their number were dead. Among the dead was the leader of the party, Ensign Cowlon de Jumonville.

One Frenchman escaped in this encounter and speedily carried to his countrymen the news of the disaster. Measures were immediately taken to send a strong force against Washington and avenge what they called the murder of their brethren. Washington, reinforced by troops from the rear and by the friendly Indians under Half-King, retired to Great Meadows to await the French.

In the meantime Colonel Fry had died, and Washington had thus become first in command. He expected additional reinforcements and supplies. These did not come ; but he learned that the enemy had fared better, a strong detachment of French had arrived at Fort Du Quesne. He had not so much faith in the spade in warfare as he came to have later.

He wished for a good fight in a fair field, and the entrenchments he had thrown up at Fort

Necessity were but insignificant. On the 3d of July the French attacked the fort. Washington had hoped for a brisk and decisive action; but he was disappointed. The French evidently proposed a siege. For this Washington was unprepared. Courage could not fill empty powder horns nor supply food for starving men.

He was obliged to admit the impossibility of holding his position, and surrendered. He succeeded, however, in gaining surprisingly liberal terms. His troops were allowed to keep their arms and to march out with drums beating and flags flying. The young colonel, who became the wise and cautious general of the Revolution, had not well conducted this campaign.

The impetuous young colonel had made mistakes; mistakes due to too great eagerness for action. His reckless courage had astonished and fairly intimidated the French. His Indian ally, old Half-King, had not been overawed by the Virginian. He said: "The colonel was a good-natured man, but had no experience; he

took upon himself to command the Indians as if they were his slaves, and would have them every day upon the scout and to attack the enemy by themselves, but would by no means take advice from the Indians."

"He stayed in one place from one full moon to the other without fortifications, except that little thing on the meadows; whereas, had he taken advice and built such fortifications as I advised here, he might easily have beat off the French. But the French acted like cowards, and the English like fools."

We must remember, in reading this criticism of Washington, that Half-King had to offer some excuse for deserting the English before the battle, and that Washington probably had not taken Half-King into his confidence concerning his inability to endure a long siege and the needlessness of strong fortifications.

The young man's fame had gone abroad in no enviable fashion. His hasty attack on the scouting party was bitterly condemned in France. It was claimed that Jumonville and his thirty followers were not scouts, but that

Jumonville was an ambassador bearing messages from one government to another.

They could not explain satisfactorily, however, why he should have brought with him thirty armed followers and should have remained for days hidden in the woods, within easy reach of the English, with whom it was claimed he wished to communicate.

The English naturally felt no resentment toward Washington on that score, but they pronounced his name with a smile and called him a "bragging upstart." This was because he had written his brother a letter after his first battle, in which the spirited youth showed an almost foolhardy relish for danger.

He wrote: "I fortunately escaped without any wound, for the right wing, where I stood, was exposed to and received all the enemy's fire; it was the part where the man was killed and the rest were wounded. I heard the bullets whistle; and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

At home, where the great odds under which Washington had worked, and the failure of the

government to send him support, were better understood; men put a more just estimate on the campaign. The House of Burgesses gave him a vote of thanks for gallant and brave behavior in defense of his country.

CHAPTER V.

WITH BRADDOCK.

BLOOD had been shed on both sides. War was unavoidable. Now the English king had need that the colonists should feel that they were British subjects and that it was their duty to help hold his land against the French. Instead, however, of winning their loyalty, he did much to arouse the ill-will of his American subjects, so that the English and the Americans worked at cross-purposes much of the time.

A plan degrading colonial officers to the rank of captains and making them subordinate to any officer holding the royal commission gave great offence to the colonial army officers. When Washington learned that henceforth he was to be colonel in name but not in authority he resigned his commission and wrote a letter to the governor of Virginia, declaring in very plain terms that, while he was eager to take

part in the war, he would not submit to this humiliation and masquerade under an empty military title.

His personal interests had suffered somewhat while he was looking after colonial interests on the frontier. After the fatigue and the humiliation of the campaign he found it pleasant to be back at Mount Vernon, surrounded by admiring friends and willing servants, and to give his attention to the details of farm management.

Order, prosperity, and stability were dear to him. He enjoyed being master of the situation and bringing Mount Vernon and his mother's estate into shipshape condition. He enjoyed the hunt, the stately dinner parties, the good talk, that helped make up life in the home on the Potomac. But more than all he loved the first of these—to be master of the situation, whatever that might be.

And however worthy an occupation planting acres, and regulating the rations of slaves and the sale of crops, he was ready to relegate much of that to an overseer if there was more important work to be done. That there was impor-

tant work to be done he was reminded on every hand. A great army was being equipped to go to the wilderness and conquer gloriously the enemy that was rejoicing over his defeat.

Could he stand back and take no part in it? Everywhere he heard war talked of. The transports, bearing the regular soldiers in their red uniforms, sailed up the Potomac beneath his very windows. As the Virginia ex-colonel rode about the country he met English officers and even the great General Braddock himself.

Though inclined to treat the colonists with small respect, the British usually made an exception of Washington. His strong face, his fearless, soldierly bearing, his fine horsemanship, as well as his good horses, well-groomed attendants, and London-made clothes, helped to save him from the slurring epithet "provincial." But his real dignity of character counted more than all.

He did not go about pouring into the ears of his friends his grievances, or seeking applause by making a parade of his knowledge of the West, or telling how he thought the expedition

against Fort Du Quesne should be conducted. Even at this early day he had learned the dignity and the power of silence. He made, however, no secret of the fact that he gladly would join the expedition if he could do so on such terms as would seem a proper recognition of his past honorable and able service.

The chance soon offered. General Braddock invited him to join his staff. This position had the advantage of bringing him into close association with a trained officer. Washington had learned in the campaign of 1754 the value of experience. He was glad General Braddock was an experienced soldier, and was ready to learn from him.

He found much to learn. Used to the make-shift provisions of the colonial militia, the young aide looked with wonder at the elaborate equipment of this army. There was nothing wanting for battle: cannon, ammunition, arms, were abundantly supplied. But it was the great equipment for the march that astonished Washington.

Army wagons and pack-horses were collected

from far and near to carry food for horses and men; tents, axes and picks for opening the road; personal baggage and most of the luxuries of civilized life for the officers. The regulars were in fine condition and made an excellent appearance. As Washington compared them with the Virginia backwoodsmen on the drill-ground he could not fail to note the superiority of the British.

Their erect soldierly bearing, their smart uniforms, their instant response to the word of command, contrasted sharply with the slouching carriage and lagging response of the colonial volunteers. The great camp for twenty-two hundred men was a model of order. Rigid military discipline prevailed everywhere.

Washington was impressed with the general's knowledge of the army code, with his extreme punctiliousness. The army had not been long on the march, however, before he began to realize that, so far as experience that would count, in the kind of warfare they had undertaken, went, he was the experienced officer and the despised colonials were the fit soldiers.

A general who started into the wilderness in a ponderous coach drawn by six horses, who must "bridge every brook and level every mole hill" for his army, had something to learn from the man who had walked every foot of the rugged path. A man who rashly led an army whose narrow line extended four miles along the narrow forest road, through dense thickets, without scouts, might well have listened to the advice of the officer who surprised the French before the battle of Great Meadow.

But General Braddock was very confident of his own wisdom, and, though he liked the young Virginian and listened to him with more patience than he showed to others, he was but little impressed by Washington's sensible counsel. Still, even he could see that progress along the narrow, rough way with heavy baggage was too slow, and he at length acted upon Washington's advice and divided the army, hastening forward with the less-encumbered part and leaving the rest under the command of Colonel Dunbar, to follow more slowly with the baggage.

At this stage of affairs Washington was seized

with a fever. He was too ill to travel, but he could not be reconciled to the idea of giving up the battle. With real affection and concern General Braddock insisted on his staying behind with the proper attendants, and assured him that if his strength permitted he should rejoin the army before the battle.

Washington had made a warm place for himself in the esteem and affection of the officers on General Braddock's staff. The letters of his comrades, telling of the slow progress they were making, must have had an element of consolation for the impatient, afflicted aide, who declared he would rather give five hundred pounds than miss the coming encounter at Fort Du Quesne.

But the fever was stubborn, and even Braddock's ponderous, slow-moving army was near its goal before Washington's malady was conquered; but he was not to be thwarted. Though not able to mount his horse, he made the journey in a wagon and rejoined Braddock's force when it was about fifteen miles from Fort Du Quesne. He was most cordially received

and consulted with regard to the advance upon the fort.

He advised that, as there would probably be Indian fighting to do before reaching the fort, it would be well to put the Virginia Rangers in advance. This suggestion was not relished by General Braddock, who had a decided contempt for provincial soldiers and unlimited faith in the regulars.

And, surely, they made a splendid show, those scarlet-coated regulars, as they marched along the bank of the Monongahela, across the ford in the noon sunshine, and into the forest beyond. The forest path, with its tall trees and thick underbrush growing on either side, was fresh and cool even on that July day, and the regulars entered it eagerly.

Perhaps the Virginia Rangers, who knew the ways of the Indians, had visions of a fire in its cool shade hotter than the noon-day sun, but all pressed on, confident of victory whenever they might encounter the enemy. They were within eight miles of Fort Du Quesne when some French and Indians sud-

denly appeared in the road before them and fired.

Undismayed, the British answered with a volley that cut down the leader and many of his men. But if they expected this to end the skirmish they were mistaken. On came the yelling band in front, and along either side of the British army, stretching like a slender ribbon through the forest, swept a tempest of fire and smoke, and sounded the terrible war-whoop.

Then Washington would have had the men take to the forest, and from the shelter of trees and stones fight the savages in their own way. But this was not the British way, and General Braddock ordered up the ordnance and commanded the men to form in ranks, stand fast, and return the fire. It was terrible to stand there firing at trees and bushes, with comrades falling all around, under the deadly hail of bullets and to hear those frenzied yells from a near but unseen foe.

Panic soon seized the stoutest hearts, and, dropping their guns, the soldiers would have

fled, but their leaders were more terrible than the enemy. Washington saw the officers, who had seemed so effeminate on the march in their fear of hardship and love of ease, tireless and fearless on the field of battle.

With absolute disregard for his own safety, General Braddock galloped along the line, cursing the panic-stricken men, beating them with the flat side of his sword, and compelling obedience. One horse after another was shot under him, but his courage did not fail. The Virginians, not waiting for the command, took to the woods, fighting Indian fashion, and so afforded the regulars some protection; but they, firing from the road and unable to distinguish friend from foe in the thicket shot them down.

Washington tasted to the full on that day the horrors of battle. The roar of cannon, the victorious scalp-cry, the neighing of frightened horses, the groans of the dying, the brute fear of trapped men, the terrible anger of balked courage, made a lasting impression on his mind. The faintness of fever that had made

him in the morning scarcely able to sit his horse gave way to the passion for conquest.

He saw men dying all around him. Three horses were killed under him; bullets whizzed past him and some pierced his clothing, but he felt no fear of death for himself. He rode about in the thickest of the battle, like one who bore a charmed life. And when at last General Braddock, sorely wounded and forced to admit defeat, ordered a retreat to save the remnant of his force, he found Washington his chief support.

The British left their provisions and ammunition in the road and fled in disorder toward Camp Dunbar. The handful of attacking French, satisfied with their victory, held the horde of Indians in check and offered no pursuit. But the terrified regulars fancied them ever at their heels and ran with no abatement of fear. Washington, with the few surviving officers and the Virginia Rangers, conveyed General Braddock to Camp Dunbar, where he died.

He was buried in the middle of the road,

that the wagons might pass over his grave and obliterate all trace of it. It is said that after the battle the old general hated the sight of a red coat and had only praise for the blue-coated Virginians.

The fragment of General Braddock's division paused at Camp Dunbar only long enough to communicate to the rest of the army their own terror. Colonel Dunbar himself caught their panic, and, against the entreaties of Washington, beat a hasty retreat, leaving the settlements on the frontier without defence against the victorious savages.

During the war that followed, it was Washington's task to defend the Virginia frontier against the Indians. The frontier was extensive; the settlements were scattered; Washington's force was small and spiritless; his enemy numerous, cunning, and treacherous. So great was the suffering of the people on the frontier that Washington declared, "I would be a willing offering to savage fury and die by inches to save the people."

But his death would have been the gravest

misfortune for his distressed countrymen. They looked upon him as their chief defence and loved him well. Colonel Fairfax wrote him, "Your health and fortune are the toast of every table."

CHAPTER VI.

DAYS OF PEACE.

NOT every brave soldier makes a good citizen in time of peace. Let us see how it was with Virginia's military hero. Were the trials and the excitement of war and the love of glory necessary to bring out the strong qualities of this man? Or were there elements in his character that answered to milder stimulus?

Washington's was a many-sided nature. Years of life in camp and on the march had not spoiled him for finer pleasures. Dreams of military glory had not lessened his desire to stand well in the occupations of peace.

Indeed, sometime before the day when he took possession of the smoking ruin that had been Fort Du Quesne, he had had a personal reason for wishing the war to be over. He had, in truth, fallen in love, and had pressed his suit with such success that he only waited

to be free from the stern duties of war to be married.

The lady who had won the heart of Washington was not an unexperienced girl, but a widow only a few months younger than he—Mrs. Martha Custis. She was a fair colonial dame, with sweet voice and gentle, gracious manners. The face of Martha Washington, as she looked in the days when she was the “first lady of the land,” is almost as familiar to us as Washington’s, and from that we can judge a little how she must have looked when, in the prime of womanhood, she gave her hand to her soldierly suitor.

Many of the best families of Virginia were represented in the company gathered in the little church on the bright January morning in 1759 when George Washington was married. And all looked with pleasure on the stately, elegant dame in her ample, shimmering bridal robes, and upon the noble-looking officer beside her. He was a man good to see—tall, straight, and handsome, with the bearing of a soldier and a gentleman.

He was richly dressed for the occasion, in blue and scarlet with silver trimmings. When the wedding was over and the bride rode off in her great coach, Washington rode beside her on his war horse, attended by servants in splendid new livery of white and scarlet. He responded gayly to the greetings of the good people along the way, who were glad to see their brave young colonel so handsome and so happy.

Washington's marriage brought him increased responsibilities. Mount Vernon, which since the death of Lawrence Washington's widow and daughter had belonged to him, was now but a small part of the great estate under his charge. His wife and her two children had inherited from Mr. Custis a vast fortune, and Washington now undertook the management of their property.

Forest trees must be turned into lumber; uncultivated fields must be made to yield first-class tobacco; acres of exhausted tobacco land must be made to wave with grain; wheat must be converted into fine flour; a hardy breed of

horses and mules must be raised to do the draught work of the estate.

Stables must be filled with blooded horses for driving and hunting; untrained and extravagant servants must be disciplined and trained to give good service; former buildings and quarters for the negroes must be repaired or newly built; good foreign markets must be found where, at the highest profit, the products of farm and mill could be disposed of in exchange for such goods as were not made in the colonies.

And Washington welcomed these tasks, great and small, and set about doing them in the best possible way. Even such small matters as the quantity and quality of food to be distributed to the servants, the doctoring of a lame horse, the building of a goose pen, received his personal attention. Mrs. Washington had no taste for business, and her husband freely gave his thought and time to the most minute details of the household.

He loved his step-children fondly and ordered little Patsy Custis playthings from London

with the greatest care. He was concerned about the education of the children and took pains to secure them good teachers. The boy's indifference to books and school troubled him greatly. He employed a housekeeper to save his wife the burden of looking after the Mount Vernon home.

He even ordered dresses for her, and we find in his account book frequently such entries as the following: "A salmon-colored Tabby of the enclosed pattern, with satin flowers, to be made in a sack." "1 cap, handkerchief, Tucker and Ruffles, to be made of Brussels lace or point, proper to wear with the above negligée, to cost £ 20", "1 pair black, and 1 pair white satin shoes, of the smallest."

Indeed, Washington never considered dress a trifling matter. He once advised his nephew, "Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

Yet, when a young man, he had some taste for "fine feathers" himself.

At one time he ordered, "A superfine blue broadcloth coat, with silver trimmings." "A fine scarlet waistcoat full laced," and "silver lace for a hat." Later, however, his taste became more sedate, and he wrote his tailor, "I want neither lace nor embroidery. Plain clothes with a gold or silver button (if worn in genteel dress) are all I desire."

But he was particular to have the cloth good and the clothes cut in late style. He was fond of society, and while in Williamsburg he and Mrs. Washington went to dinners and dances with the gayest. Even at Mount Vernon life was not without diversion, and the family was rarely without guests.

Washington's horses and dogs were his pride. He was one of the best riders in the country, and to follow the hounds on his spirited horse, Blueskin, was a pleasure of which he did not weary. His journal has frequent entries of this sort:

"Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis, and

caught a fox after three hours' chase; found it in the creek." "Started a fox and run him four hours. Took the hounds off at night." "Fox hunting with Lord Fairfax and his brother and Colonel Fairfax. Started a fox and lost it." "Catched two foxes." "Catched two more foxes."

Though Washington heartily enjoyed this rough sport there was a very gentle side to his nature, that is shown in his tender love for his little step-daughter, "Patsy Custis." When she died he wrote to a friend:

"It is an easier matter to conceive than to describe the distress of this family; especially that of the unhappy parent of our dear Patsy Custis, when I inform you that death yesterday removed the sweet, innocent girl. She entered into a more happy and peaceful abode than any she had met within the afflicted path she hitherto had trode."

During her lifetime he eagerly sought remedies for her illness and means of giving her pleasure. Numerous as were the demands on Washington's time and attention by his home

and business, he never lost interest in the public welfare. He was elected a member of the House of Burgesses year after year, and always found time to go to Williamsburg, the capital, and attend to the duties of that office.

It is said that when he first took his seat in the House, the Speaker made an eloquent address thanking him for his services to his country. Washington rose to reply, but stood stammering, unable to think of an appropriate reply, till the Speaker said: "Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

Washington was never an orator, but ordinarily he had the power to speak well and to the point, and in a short time he gained considerable influence among the lawmakers of Virginia.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIGNATION.

THE peace that followed the French and Indian War was a period of material prosperity for Washington and his neighbors. The American colonies were, indeed, becoming strong and self-confident, but their outlook was not unclouded.

For these were the years preceding the Revolution, and they were years of indignant resistance to the despotic acts of the mother country. To be sure, some of the colonists were loyal to the king and advocated obedience to his will. The Fairfax family, for example, was unshaken in its faith that the king could do no wrong.

Others were quite determined that the king should do no wrong, though they did not in the least question his ability and inclination to do serious mischief. But they said little about the

king and directed their criticism against his ministers.

Washington took a profound interest in the great question at issue between England and America. He had warm personal friends on both sides and heard many heated discussions as to the right and wrong of the cause.

He dined with the royal governor of Virginia one day; on another he went to the Raleigh Tavern, where the members of the dissolved House of Burgesses were passing resolutions declaring their rights. George Mason and Patrick Henry were his associates; still, his friendship for the Fairfax family did not grow cold.

But, nevertheless, for him there were no two sides to the question, and he made quite clear by word and deed on which side he stood. From the first he regarded the attitude of England as a menace to American liberty, and quietly but firmly took his stand for freedom —an end to be gained at any price.

His private interests and his knowledge of the evils of war led him to hope devoutly

that the trouble might be peaceably settled. But he doubted the possibility of that and was ready to take up arms, if need be, to show England that she could not tax the American colonies without their consent.

The French and Indian War had overcome his awe for British regulars, and he believed that in the event of war victory to the colonists was highly probable. It is said that, on hearing Sir Jeffrey Amherst's boast that with five thousand British regulars he would engage to march from one end of the continent of North America to the other, repeated in a coffee house one day, Washington declared that with one thousand Virginians he would undertake to stop Sir Jeffrey's march.

He feared that the sword must be drawn in the end, but he was in earnest about trying other means first. He used his influence to secure the introduction and passage of the non-importation resolutions. It was his hope that by refusing to buy the taxed articles the colonists might succeed in forcing England to remove the hated tax.

To refrain from importing taxed articles occasioned inconvenience to the colonists, and many who voted for the resolutions promptly violated them. Washington, however, was very particular in making out his orders for merchandise to specify that no taxed goods were to be shipped to him.

He noted in his journal that he observed the first day of June, the day on which the Boston Port Bill was to go into effect, as a day of fasting and prayer. But when he saw peaceful methods failing his voice was for war. In 1769 he wrote with reference to civil liberty, "That no man should scruple, or hesitate a moment, to use arms in defence of so valuable a blessing, on which all the good and evil of life depends, is clearly my opinion."

At a Virginia convention he made a brief but characteristic speech, of which we have the following record: "Colonel Washington made the most eloquent speech at the Virginia Convention that ever was made. He said, 'I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my

own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston."

Washington was chosen as one of the six delegates sent by Virginia to the First Continental Congress. Two fellow delegates stopped at Mount Vernon for a night, and it is said that when the three friends started on their journey to Philadelphia, Mrs. Washington's words to her husband and departing guests were, "I hope you will stand firm. I know George will."

In that Congress Washington made no speeches, but he was, nevertheless, much noted. Men commented upon his youthful appearance with surprise, recalling his military record. They quoted to one another the speech he had made at the Virginia convention. He was regarded by all as a man of few words, but a man of power.

Patrick Henry said: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." In due time Washington

went back to Virginia and took an active part in organizing the militia.

He thought of leading a company into action in the event of war, and declared, "I shall very cheerfully accept the honor of commanding it, if occasion requires it to be drawn out, as it is my full intention to devote my life and fortune in the cause we are engaged in, if needful."

After Lexington and Concord, Washington wrote: "Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once peaceful plains of America are either to be drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves—sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice."

Washington went to the Second Continental Congress dressed in his colonel's uniform of blue-and-buff; and was representative of the war spirit of Virginia. He was placed on several important committees and his opinion on all questions was solicited. There were many brave and able men in that Congress, but men of military experience were scarce.

It is not strange, then, that when resistance

was determined upon and a commander-in-chief of the Continental forces had to be chosen, Massachusetts yielded to Virginia, and the honor fell to George Washington. He had not sought the honor and accepted it with some reluctance, declaring that he did not consider himself equal to the task.

At the same time he announced his intention of serving his country without pay. Having written a most affectionate letter to his wife and made his will he started for Cambridge, to take command of the army that was to drive the British from Boston.

He had scarcely begun his journey when he received news of the Battle of Bunker Hill. He asked eagerly: "Did the militia fight?" He would have had less doubt of the Virginia militia, but he was going to take command of strange soldiers from a section of the country more famed for commerce and preaching than fighting.

If Washington felt some doubt about the military ability of the New Englanders, those plain democratic people were on their part

only half-ready to receive this aristocratic Southerner as commander. But his noble soldierly bearing won confidence and admiration everywhere.

And when, on the third of July, seated on his splendid horse, under the great elm tree, now famous as the "Washington Elm," he took command of the American army, there was genuine enthusiasm for the American commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER VIII.

REBELLION.

FORCE was to be matched against force. The indignant colonists were determined that the British troops should be driven from their midst. General Gage and his twelve thousand red coats must be dislodged from the city of Boston. This was the task of the new commander-in-chief.

With an army twenty thousand strong of such men as had fought the Battle of Bunker Hill the undertaking seemed possible enough. The people expected to give the parent country a prompt and efficient rebuke. General Washington found the Continental troops in great disorder and confusion.

His force must be organized and drilled before it could be used to advantage. On actual count the reputed twenty thousand men proved to be but fourteen thousand. In giving direc-

tions for the welcome of General Washington, John Adams had written: "The whole army, I think, should be drawn up in line on the occasion, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war displayed; no powder burned, however."

That last clause had a terrible signification. When General Washington learned that he had taken command of an army without gunpowder, he is said not to have spoken for half an hour. His situation was most distressing. The fact that he was without powder must be kept with the utmost secrecy, lest some hint of it should reach the enemy.

The colonists, the soldiers themselves, could not know the true reason why the insulting roar of the enemy's cannon was answered with silence: why days and weeks and months passed without action. While messengers were hurrying over the land to secure powder, the intrenchments were being strengthened, the men drilled, and the camp reduced to military order.

General Washington, with his great thorough-

ness and genius for detail, found almost baffling difficulties in the way of this accomplishment. Many of the volunteers were youths from New England farms, who had come to war eager for battle, but not ready to endure the hardships of a long encampment.

They deserted in great numbers, and when the period of enlistment was ended many refused to re-enlist, so that really a new army had to be recruited and a new beginning made with discipline. General Washington was exceedingly strict, but his magnificent presence excited the soldiers' awe, and his personal courage roused their enthusiasm.

Once, while talking with some officers at headquarters, he received word that a serious disturbance was taking place between some New England troops and the newly arrived companies from Virginia, on the commons near the college.

Making an excuse to his officers, he sprang on his always-ready horse and was off for the scene of action with such speed that his friends and attendants had difficulty in keeping up

with him. They found about a thousand men engaged in a scuffle with fists, and stones, and snowballs. An attendant ran forward to let down the bars, but General Washington spurred his horse and the thoroughbred cleared bars, boy and all, with a bound, and landed the general in the midst of the mutineers like a thunderbolt.

He was off his horse in an instant and had two great brawny fellows by the throat, shaking them and rebuking them in a way that brought them and all observers very promptly to their senses. There were troubles, however, that could not be settled so easily by a strong arm.

Some of the officers were local politicians with no patriotism and no courage, attracted to the war, by the opportunities it offered for dishonest gain. Their cupidity and cowardice angered the high-principled General Washington, and he watched sharply for fraud, and punished it relentlessly, however popular and influential the offender might be.

But the power above him, the Continental Congress, gave General Washington the most

trouble. He tried to impress upon Congress the necessity of long terms of enlistment, as the volunteers were no sooner made ready for service than their term was over, and the work of training had all to be done over again with new men.

He tried, too, to show the necessity of a higher quality of men for officers and, consequently, the need of more liberal salaries, and the necessity of better equipment for private soldiers. But Congress was so afraid of the army's becoming too powerful that it handicapped the commander-in-chief at every turn.

It was well that the British generals, Gage and Howe, remained inactive while General Washington was mastering the difficulties that beset him. When spring came he was ready for action, and on the night of the fourth of March he conducted a detachment of twelve hundred men to Dorchester Heights, to throw up intrenchments and station themselves in a place from which their cannon could command the city.

General Washington feared discovery and

had his men in position ready to meet an attack should the British take the alarm. But the men worked through the night at Dorchester Neck without interruption, and the British looked out at daybreak to see the American entrenchments frowning upon them. Their dismay was complete. It seemed almost as if Aladdin with his magic lamp must have come true.

General Howe said it must have taken twelve thousand men to do the work; that his entire army could not have done in a month so much as the Americans had achieved in a single night. General Washington's highest expectations were realized. These raw country boys had shown their general that they could work with a will when real business was afoot.

He half expected an advance from the British, but a storm prevented such a step on the enemy's part, and General Washington made good use of the time thereby to push on the work of entrenchment, and made the fortifications so strong that the British gave up hope of storming them. An occasional shell from General Washington's guns soon warned the

British commander that to save his men from total destruction he must make a hasty departure.

Accordingly, on the 17th of March, the hated red-coats left the crooked streets of Boston. This brought general rejoicing to the colonies; and General Washington's wisdom and generalship were the theme of the hour. Those who had criticised him most severely were now ready with congratulations and well-deserved praise.

No one knew better than General Washington how great was the work he had done. He summed up his winter's achievement in this telling sentence: "To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together, without powder, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty-odd British regiments, is more, probably, than was ever attempted before."

But he did not rest on his laurels. He knew that the war was not over; and began hurrying troops to New York. That city was the strong-

hold of the Tory interest in the north, and he rightly conjectured that it would be the objective point of General Howe when he returned with a fresh force. Here he had to do again much the same work that he had done at Cambridge.

There was this added difficulty that New York was full of British sympathizers who did everything in their power to annoy and handicap the Americans. General Washington regarded the Tories as traitors and treated them with severity.

The long winter's experience, the restlessness and insolence of the British, and their cruelty to American prisoners of war, had convinced him that there could be no permanent healing of the breach between the colonies and England. The hatred had become too deep and bitter, the wrongs too grievous to be forgiven or forgotten.

He saw quite clearly that the war had best be fought to the end and that the issue was not one of the right of exemption from taxation, but of absolute independence. When he was called to Philadelphia by Congress to give his

opinion concerning the management of the Indians during the war, a campaign against Canada, and the treatment of prisoners of war, he did his best to make Congress see that, while these were important questions, the question of the end for which they were fighting was the most important of all.

It was with solemn joy that he welcomed the Declaration of Independence and read it to his assembled troops, amidst great rejoicing.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

THE Americans were still rejoicing over the Declaration of Independence, when General Howe appeared with a large force, and, sailing up the Hudson, landed his troops on Staten Island. One of his first acts was to send to General Washington a letter addressed to "George Washington, Esq."

Now General Washington had no disposition to see one of the foremost representatives of the new government treated without full respect, so he promptly returned the letter with the reply that there was no person of that address in the army. As General Howe had been instructed not to recognize the American commander-in-chief by his title, this put an end to communication between them.

Congress thanked General Washington for his conduct on this occasion and refused to

consider the proposals for peace brought by General Howe. The days for reconciliation were past; the struggle for independence had begun. The prospect was not an encouraging one.

The British general had a large fleet and a well-trained, well-equipped army at his command and limitless resources to draw upon. The American general, with his motley, ever changing host of raw recruits, saw the difficulty of holding the unfortified disaffected city of New York. He would have burned the city had Congress been willing, but, thwarted in that plan, he was compelled to take the defensive and to make the capture of the city as difficult for the enemy as possible.

Believing an advance might be made by way of Long Island, he stationed a force at Brooklyn under General Greene. The movement General Washington anticipated occurred. The British surprised the Americans on Long Island and after a sharp engagement took over one thousand of them prisoners. They delayed storming the entrenchments, however,

and General Washington brought over from New York strong reinforcements.

But learning that the British fleet was making some movement and realizing the danger of being surrounded and entrapped by the British, he determined to retreat to New York. To do that he must procure boats and transport nine thousand men across a broad, swift channel within a few hundred yards of the enemy. It was a hazardous undertaking; the risk was great, but it was the only possible way to escape.

A dense fog arose and that hastened General Washington's movements. All night he superintended the loading of the boats and grimly watched the heavy, silent specks as they slipped out into the fog, and as morning came he took his place on the last boat. For forty-eight hours he had not closed his eyes, had, in fact, scarcely left the saddle.

The anxiety he had suffered for the safety of his army had been terrible. But the danger was over and he was a devotedly thankful man. The chagrin of the British when they

awoke in the morning to find their prey had escaped and the trenches empty was unspeakable.

The wonder and the admiration roused by General Washington's masterly retreat went far to overcome the depression and discouragement to which the tidings of the great loss of men on Long Island had given rise among the colonists.

General Washington congratulated himself that September had come and he had held the enemy at New York so long that it was scarcely likely that they would undertake to make any serious incursions into the country before going, into winter-quarters. The taking of the city could not, however, be delayed much longer, so General Washington held his men in readiness for instant retreat.

He had no intention, however, of retreating before it was necessary, and when a detachment of British made an attack, General Washington in person rushed to the front to help repulse the skirmishing party. The untried militia were panic stricken. General Wash-

ton was enraged to see them fleeing like cowards.

He commanded them, he beat them with his sword after the manner of Braddock on that fatal day long passed, but all in vain. They fled, leaving him alone in the very presence of the enemy. Later the British took Fort Washington and the American army was obliged to withdraw toward the capital. The American cause looked hopeless.

The soldiers were dispirited, and deserted in great numbers. Many of the New Jersey people indicated their loss of confidence and their alarm by tacking red rags on their doors to show that they were the king's loyal subjects. Every day the condition became more desperate. On the twentieth of December General Washington wrote to Congress that ten days would put an end to the existence of the army.

In this dark hour all who looked for success in the struggle pinned their faith in General Washington. Hitherto Congress had limited his power jealously. In this emergency it con-

ferred upon him almost unlimited power for a period of six months. The leader was worthy of the trust. This strong, resourceful man was well-nigh indomitable.

In extremity he showed his mettle. The journey across the ice-encumbered Delaware in open boats, the surprise of the Hessians at Trenton after their Christmas night revels, the brilliant maneuvers at Princeton, renewed the courage of the army and the country. The cause was saved.

General Washington's success not only electrified America, but Europe. Frederick the Great is said to have pronounced the Trenton campaign the most brilliant of the century. Many a daring French youth determined to seek a commission under the great American general.

Still, the condition of the army was too critical to be materially remedied by the greatest generalship. General Washington had no hope of conducting an aggressive campaign. His plan now was to keep an army together in the field with which to harass the British.

To do this required effort, and for years General Washington worked against obstacles and discouragements that would have overwhelmed any but this invincible man. But he had no thought of surrender. Indeed, he declared that rather than yield he would cross the Susquehanna River and the Allegheny Mountains, if need be the Mississippi, and found an independent empire on its farther shore.

Though always impatient with disloyalty or cowardice in his men, he had a father's sympathy and care for them in their trials and hardships, and the soldiers and common people loved him with a sort of hero worship. Indeed, not a little jealousy and even alarm was felt in some quarters because of the people's devotion to him.

During the terrible winter when he was holding together the fragments of an army of barefooted, half-starved men at Valley Forge, a plot was formed to deprive him of his command and supplement him by General Gates. Men that he trusted were in this plot, but a

loyal friend disclosed the affair to General Washington. He had but to write to the leader, calmly informing him that he was aware of his treachery. The possibility of the matter being made public was enough to end it.

Still, there were many who feared and resented the almost unlimited authority of the commander-in-chief, and they did what they could to check and embarrass his undertakings. To personal slights and indignities he rose superior. He was too truly great to falter or recoil because of the malice or even the treachery of others.

When his trusted officer, Benedict Arnold, turned traitor, General Washington was as firm and inflexible as justice itself in his attitude toward Arnold and his accomplice, Major Andre.

When Lee proved insubordinate if not traitorous at Monmouth, General Washington, far from being unmanned by the blow, redoubled his ordinary energy of mind and limb and was all of General Washington and more than Lee besides.

Men likened him to an angel from heaven as in his terrible wrath and glorious courage he led that day's battle. When Hamilton was petulant and angry, General Washington seems not to have been tempted to be other than magnanimous and kind. But enmity and disloyalty toward General Washington were the exception.

Where one was jealous or hostile many were devoted. Tilgham, Morgan, and La Fayette were not exceptions; most of his officers revered and loved him. He was the people's idol. Their gratitude and trust were precious to him, but in no petty way; he sought not to acquire but to deserve their affection.

The long-drawn-out war had strained the resources of the country, and the people had sunk into a state of indifference, from which General Washington saw they could not be aroused except by a signal victory.

He believed a defeat at this time would be fatal to the cause for which he had worked so devotedly. He was, therefore, unwilling to

hazard an engagement unless reasonably sure of success.

General Clinton with a strong force held New York. General Cornwallis with another strong force was stationed at Yorktown. General Washington was watching General Clinton, while Generals Greene and La Fayette were in the South, where they received only faint-hearted support from the Americans.

Thomas Jefferson, who was then Governor of Virginia, wrote General Washington urging him to come in person to Virginia, saying that were he there "the difficulty would be to keep men out of the field." And that was exactly what General Washington intended to do. But he took great pains to give the enemy and even his own countrymen the idea that he was preparing to attack General Clinton in New York.

He was meanwhile secretly arranging to concentrate the entire force at his command, including his own army and the troops and fleet of our French allies, in Virginia. With wonderful secrecy and sureness General Wash-

ington planned every detail of the campaign. There must be no slip. With great satisfaction he saw his carefully laid plans being realized, and believed General Cornwallis would soon be within his grasp.

During the siege of Yorktown, General Washington, of course, took no part in the fighting, but he showed his usual indifference to danger.

One of his aides seeing him standing in an exposed place begged him to step back a little. He replied quietly, "You have the liberty to step back, sir, if you wish," but kept his stand, watching the progress of the battle.

When the redoubts were taken and the surrender of the city assured General Washington remarked, "The work is done, and well done: bring my horse." It was in one sense done.

On the seventeenth of October, 1781, General Cornwallis surrendered to General Washington. General Washington spared General Cornwallis unnecessary humiliation and the ceremony of the laying down of their arms was made as little public as possible.

This surrender was a crushing blow to the British and was virtually the end of the war. The victor nevertheless considered this no time for idle rejoicing. There was business calling him North. For a few days he was detained in the South by a personal sorrow. His wife's only son had been stricken with camp fever while on duty at Yorktown and now lay dying at Eltham.

Mrs. Washington was overcome with grief, and General Washington, taking her in his arms, declared, "From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own." After a brief visit at Mount Vernon, General Washington went North.

He agreed with Benjamin Franklin's statement: "The English are unable to carry on the war and too proud to make peace." He saw the necessity of overcoming that pride by keeping up a good show of readiness to go on with the war. He said, "If we are wise let us prepare for the worst. There is nothing which will so soon produce a speedy and honorable peace as a state of preparation for war; and

we must either do this or lay our account for a patched-up, inglorious peace after all the toil, blood, and treasure we have spent."

His theory prevailed in Congress and the army was kept together with promises of pay. Congress, however, treated the army with such neglect that large numbers of officers would have resigned had it not been for the influence of General Washington. Learning that their discontent was about to find expression in such a move, he called them together and made them an address.

Before beginning to read he remarked: "Gentlemen, you will permit me to put on my spectacles, for I have not only grown gray but almost blind in the service of my country." He then proceeded to read a moving declaration of the identity of his interests with theirs, of appreciation for what they had done, and sympathy in their struggle for just recognition of their services.

Those battle-scarred men were moved to tears by the generosity and patriotism of the man who had endured so much more than any

of them, and they were dissuaded from their purpose. Not only was the army dissatisfied with Congress, the people also gave the Government but feeble support.

At this juncture a proposal was secretly made to General Washington that he take the government into his own hands. Had he been a Cromwell the matter would have been easily accomplished. Being General Washington, he rejected the proposal with displeasure.

However impatient he might become with the actions of Congress, he always respected what Congress stood for. He had not been toiling all these years to give America up to one-man power. He understood that this was not the nation's wish. On the twenty-third of March he received word that the treaty of peace had been signed, and officially the war was over.

But it was not until the twenty-fifth of November, 1783, that the British army left and General Washington and his troops took possession of New York. He sent out an eloquent farewell address to his army, and

made a brief speech to his officers. The parting was deeply felt on both sides. He then went to Annapolis to lay down his commission. On the twenty-third of December, 1783, he stood before the assembled Congress and surrendered the office he had made so illustrious.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE prospect of quiet life at Mount Vernon had seemed most alluring to General Washington during the years of responsibility and turmoil through which he had passed. And now he gladly went back to his farm. The surrender of his commission, however, could not release him from the claims of the public.

He wrote to his mother: "My house is at your service, and I would press you most sincerely and most devoutly to accept it, but I am sure, and candor requires me to say, it will never answer your purpose in any shape whatsoever. For, in truth, it may be compared to a well-resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from North to South, or from South to West, do not spend a day or two at it."

Thus friends and admirers found him out

in his retreat. Among his guests were distinguished men of all sorts. Not infrequently artists came that way, and he has left an amusing account of his attitude toward having his portrait painted: "I am so hackneyed to the touches of painter's pencil," he wrote, "that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument whilst they are delineating the lines of my face."

"It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was as impatient at the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly but with less flouncing. Now, no dray-horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair."

Many a traveller of that day has written in the notes of his journey some significant comments on his Mount Vernon host. One tells how he was distressed with a cough while a guest of the house, and how, as he lay coughing in his bed, he heard some one enter the room, and, drawing his bedcurtains, looked

out to find the dignified General Washington standing beside him with a bowl of hot tea.

General Washington saw in a few months many influential men under his own roof. Further, he carried on an extensive correspondence with men actively engaged with the government of the confederacy. It is, then, not surprising that when a convention for drawing up a constitution for the United States was decided upon, General George Washington was called to preside over its meetings.

The convention was made up of delegates from the several States. It lasted for four months. Some of the members were in favor of a strong central government; others favored leaving the States more independent of one another. General Washington had learned from the troubles and successes of war the weakness of separation and the power of union. He supported the Federal side.

Now that the Union was at last created, a President must be chosen. There were in America two men above party, trusted by the whole people: the philosopher, Benjamin

Franklin, and the soldier, General George Washington. Both were considered worthy of the honor, but General Washington "was first in the hearts of his countrymen," and he, whose extensive talents Jefferson pronounced "superior to those of any man in the world" was chosen almost unanimously for the grave responsibility of launching the new ship of state.

In all humility, as General Washington measured his powers with the requirements of so high a trust, he felt some misgivings. But at the same time he knew that circumstances had made him the one man best fitted to do the critical work of binding the various States into a strong, enduring union, and he had no thought of shirking the responsibility.

His journey to New York was a continued ovation. The evidence that people gave their enthusiastic love and trust moved General Washington deeply. Concerning his welcome in New York, he wrote: "The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental

music on board; the decoration of the ships; the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people, which rent the skies as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they were pleasing."

On the thirtieth of April he was inaugurated on the balcony of the City Hall. The beloved blue-and-buff uniform worn on his journey had been changed for a citizen's dress of brown cloth of American make; he wore, however, a steel-hilted sword. After General Washington had taken the oath of office, Chancellor Livingston, who had administered it, stepped forward and cried with upraised hand, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States."

The watching crowd below took up the shout; cannon roared a salute; bells rang, and all was hope and joy. As there never had been a President of the United States, there were no fixed customs to follow. President Washington felt that all that he did would be criti-

cally observed and that his conduct would set a standard for those who followed him.

What the President should wear, with what degree of elegance he should drive abroad, how he should receive his guests, by what title he should be addressed, were questions of sufficient importance to concern the public.

Fortunately President Washington was a man of excellent taste and great dignity, and his solution of these problems was always admirable. Democratic in theory, he was inflexibly opposed to the conferring of titles of nobility. By temperament an aristocrat, he would brook no familiarity.

Hamilton once remarked that President Washington was most austere in his relations even with his friends. Morris objected, asserting that he was as much at ease with the President as with any man. At that Hamilton offered to give him and twelve friends a dinner if he would approach President Washington, slap him gently on the shoulder, and remark: "Well, General, I'm glad to see you looking so well." One evening Morris tried the experi-

ment; whereupon the President withdrew his hand, stepped back, and gave his friend a look of surprise and displeasure that made it quite clear to him that he was rebuked.

With such a temperament as this incident reveals, it is not likely that the new President would err on the side of want of dignity. Indeed, President Washington and his "Lady" were fully equal to their social responsibilities in those days of stately ceremony.

In the early experience of General Washington, when commander-in-chief of the army, he had been criticised for yielding his own judgment too readily and acting upon the advice of his generals. As President he did not make that mistake. It was said of him that while he sought information from all, he was influenced by none.

He made his appointments independently and wisely. In affairs of state he acted upon his own conviction of right against the opposition of his friends and advisers. This was especially true in his conduct with reference to the French during the French Revolution.

Many were in favor of returning to the French in their struggle for liberty the sympathy and aid they had so generously given us. President Washington felt the generous desire as strongly as any, but he had taken the presidency with the resolve to see the new Republic firmly established.

He was determined that he would not sacrifice the welfare of his own nation to that of others; if he could prevent it the United States should not become embroiled in disputes with other nations.

In spite of threatened unpopularity he did not waver, and when, after eight years of service as chief executive, he refused another term of office, his farewell address was based on this idea: the importance of union at home and the absolute political independence of foreign powers abroad.

He foresaw more clearly than many men of his time the great future of the United States, the possibility of growth and development in this western continent, and the peril of alliance with European nations before the elements of

our Union were more firmly cemented and developed. On the thirteenth day of December, 1799, after a single day's illness, the great and illustrious George Washington died at Mount Vernon, Virginia.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
THOMAS JEFFERSON



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE STORY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

BY MISS FRANCES M. PERRY.

CHAPTER I.

THOMAS JEFFERSON celebrated his twenty-first birthday by planting an avenue of shade trees in front of the old homestead, Shadwell, as the place was called; it was his now, to make as beautiful as he liked.

Doubtless, on that bright thirteenth of April, the tall, fair-haired youth thought eagerly of the future when those saplings should be towering trees, and other changes should be made. But he must have thought of the past, too; for in that homely old house, with its great chimneys and many-paned windows, he was born.

With it were connected many memories of his childhood, one at least dating back to his very babyhood. He remembered quite distinctly, just there where the blacks were busily shoveling the earth over the roots of that young locust, being lifted up on a pillow when only two years old, to be taken in the arms of a mounted slave on the long journey to Tuckahoë.

As he looked at the rich fields stretching away on all sides of the house he must have smiled if he remembered a certain deed filed away with his important business papers. For that deed solemnly witnessed that his father had "purchased those 400 acres from William Randolph for Henry Weatherbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch."

He loved to think about that father, the hero of his early boyhood, whose companionship and guidance he had of late years sorely missed. And Peter Jefferson was a man any son must needs have loved and respected. He belonged to a good but undistinguished Virginia family. Being a younger son, his

education had been neglected and he had inherited no wealth.

But he had ability to acquire what had not been provided for him. He had a natural aptitude for study and knew more about mathematics and literature than many a graduate of William and Mary College. He had a strong, free nature that easily won the confidence and affections of men of all classes.

Among Peter Jefferson's many friends were the Randolphs. Now the Randolphs belonged to the aristocracy of old Virginia. They were proud of their blue blood, of their wealth and of their worth. And they had good reason for their pride. Few families could boast so many distinguished ancestors and living members, so much cultivation, and so much achievement.

Peter Jefferson was the intimate friend of William Randolph, of Tuckahoe, and was frequently a guest at the home of William's uncle, John Randolph, whose daughter Jane he sought in marriage.

We are told that John Randolph was a

scholarly gentleman and lived handsomely and luxuriously, with more than a hundred servants to do his bidding.

We find the following mention of him in a letter written from London, England, to the naturalist, Bartram, who was traveling in America: "When thee proceeds home, I know no person will make thee more welcome than Isham Randolph. He lives thirty or forty miles above the falls of James River, in Goochland, above the other settlements. Now, I take his house to be a very suitable place to make a settlement at, for to take several days excursions all round and to return to his house at night."

"One thing I must desire of thee and do insist that thee oblige me therein: that thou make up thy drugget clothes, to go to Virginia in and not appear to disgrace thyself or me; for though I should not esteem thee the less to come to me in what dress thou will, yet these Virginians are a very gentle, well-dressed people, and look, perhaps, more at a man's outside than his inside. For these and other

reasons pray go very clean, and handsomely dressed to Virginia."

However much Isham Randolph esteemed a fair exterior and material things, he could appreciate manliness and worth of character, too, and he made no objections when Peter Jefferson asked for his daughter's hand. Young Peter Jefferson and William Randolph secured large tracts of Virginia land adjoining each other.

Randolph patented 2400 acres, Jefferson, 1000. Jefferson's plantation was on the Rivananna; it was largely made up of fertile fields, but ran back into the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains and included the entire hill, or mountain, that afterward became known and famous as Monticello. But beautiful as the situation was, Peter Jefferson, apparently, did not find a building site to suit his taste, for he built his home on the land given him by William Randolph for a bowl of punch.

As soon as the house was finished, Peter Jefferson married Jane Randolph and brought her out on the frontier to live. Thomas Jeffer-

son, their third child, was born on the thirteenth of April, 1743.

But Shadwell was not the scene of all of Thomas Jefferson's boyhood. When he was but two years old his father's friend, William Randolph, died. His dying request was that Peter Jefferson should take charge of his great estate at Tuckahoe and be the guardian of his young son.

To do this it was necessary that Peter Jefferson should live at Tuckahoe. Accordingly he moved his family there, and for seven years devoted a large part of his time to executing the trust of his friend, which he did without pay.

Aside from farming, Peter Jefferson did a great deal of surveying. He made the first reliable map of Virginia which had ever been made. While living at Tuckahoe he was appointed a member of a commission to survey the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. He was often away from home on difficult and even dangerous surveying expeditions.

Little Thomas Jefferson never wearied of

hearing tales of his encounters with wild beasts, of nights spent in trees for safety, of days of journeying through unbroken forests with only an Indian for a comrade. In the community that grew up near Shadwell, Peter Jefferson was a leader. He was a justice of the peace, colonel of the militia, and member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

His position as colonel of the militia brought him into contact with the Indians. Important chiefs were often entertained at his hospitable home. Thus Thomas Jefferson's interest in the red man may be traced to his early childhood, when he saw the chiefs in his father's house and visited their camps in the woods.

Peter Jefferson took great interest in his son's physical development; he taught him to ride and swim and to take long walks. He often said that men who have strong bodies are most apt to have strong, free minds. His own strength was the wonder and delight of his son.

He could pass between two hogsheads of tobacco, lying on their sides, and lift them,

both at the same time, to an upright position, though each weighed almost one thousand pounds. One day when he was directing three slaves to pull down an old shed with a rope, growing impatient with their futile efforts to do the work, he seized the rope and, single-handed, brought the structure down with a crash.

But Peter Jefferson desired strength for his son as a means to an end. When the lad was only five years old he was sent to a good school where he had to work hard. As he grew older he showed unusual ability. This delighted the father, who read and talked with him and took pains to excite in him a true ambition for knowledge. When Thomas was fourteen years old his father suddenly died.

The boy now studied under Mr. Maury. He made rapid progress and was his teacher's pride. He was popular with boys of his own age, and was the darling of his mother and his older sister, Jane. Indeed, he seemed in a fair way to be spoiled; but his father had kindled in him ambitions that were easily

fanned into flame, and at the age of seventeen he wrote his guardian the following letter:

“SHADWELL, January 14, 1760.

“Sir.—I was at colo, Peter Randolph's about a fortnight ago, and my Schooling falling into Discourse, he said he thought it would be to my Advantage to go to the college, and was desirous I should go, as indeed I am myself for several Reasons. In the first place as long as I stay at the Mountain, the loss of one-fourth of my Time is inevitable, by company's coming here and detaining me from School. And likewise my absence will in a great measure put a stop to so much company, and by that means lessen the expense of the Estate in House-keeping.

“And on the other hand by going to college, I shall get a more universal acquaintance, which may hereafter be serviceable to me; and I suppose I can pursue my Studies in the Greek and Latin as well there as here, and likewise learn something of the Mathematics. I shall be glad of your opinion, and remain Sir, your most humble servant.

“THOMAS JEFFERSON, JR.

“To MR. JOHN HERVEY, at *Bellemont.*”

The college referred to in this letter was William and Mary College, in Williamsburg. Mr. Hervey thought Thomas Jefferson's plan a good one, and the boy accordingly became a student in that institution.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE DAYS.

THE distance from Shadwell to Williamsburg seemed greater in 1760 than in these days of steam engines and electric cars. A traveler in those days usually allowed himself time for one or two visits on the way. It was winter when Thomas Jefferson first took the journey with William and Mary College for his goal.

He stopped at Hanover to make one of a merry party spending the Christmas holidays at the home of Colonel Dandridge. The visit was a memorable one for Thomas Jefferson not only because he had a very good time, but also because it was here that he first met Patrick Henry.

Patrick Henry was then an uncouth-looking country lad whose principal object in life seemed to be to have a good time and to

furnish amusement to others. Perhaps Thomas Jefferson discovered that the big rustic had a serious as well as a comic side; at any rate, he liked him and their friendship dated from that visit.

Williamsburg was the capital of the colony, the town in which the royal governor lived. Here rich planters from all parts of the colony gathered for the regular sessions of the House of Burgesses. Many brought their wives and daughters with them, and some who had no particular business there came to spend a few weeks in the city and enjoy the balls and banquets.

William and Mary College offered the best educational advantages in the South, and its students were promising, if not cultivated, American boys. Then, as now, some of the students wanted to learn and were willing to study hard; others cared more for pranks than for books. At one time Thomas Jefferson wrote a friend "that all was excitement at the college and several boys had run away to escape flagellation."

Thomas Jefferson was not long in making acquaintances at Williamsburg. He found many relatives there, who vied with each other in trying to make their young kinsman have a good time. He accepted their hospitality and went often to balls and parties, rode fine horses, played the violin, and made himself agreeable to the ladies.

He was a most elegant and scrupulous gallant. It is said that when the groom brought up his spirited horse for his daily ride, Thomas Jefferson would brush his cambric handkerchief across the animal's shoulders and if the snowy linen was in the least soiled thereby he would send the horse back to the stable to be groomed more perfectly. He was a handsome rider and loved a fine horse.

When the end of the year came, young Thomas Jefferson, who had thought it would be cheaper to study at Williamsburg than at home, was surprised to find how much money he had spent. He wrote a frank letter to his guardian, acknowledging his extravagance and requesting him not to take the amount from

the family income, but to deduct it from his share of the estate.

His indulgent guardian replied, that if this was the extent of his wild oats the estate could well afford to pay the bills. But Thomas Jefferson was no trifler; he had a real thirst for knowledge, and his interest in his college courses being once thoroughly aroused there was no danger of his squandering his opportunities for self-improvement.

For awhile he devoted nearly all his time to study. He did not, however, forget altogether his father's teaching about the importance of exercise, and every evening at dusk he left his work long enough for a brisk run to the first mile-post and back.

As the result of his close application, he soon came to be regarded as the most brilliant student in college. He did excellent work in all his classes, whether Latin, Greek, or mathematics. But he enjoyed the most of all the lectures on rhetoric and literature, given by Dr. William Small, a scholarly Scotch professor.

The latter was strongly attached to this gifted student, and the two spent many happy hours together. Dr. Small introduced Thomas Jefferson to his friend, George Wythe, at that time one of the most distinguished lawyers in America, and a noble, worthy gentleman. His influence decided Thomas Jefferson to make law his profession.

It was through Dr. Small, also, that Thomas Jefferson became acquainted with Governor Fauquier, a most polished gentleman, a man of rare gifts and accomplishments. The latter immediately took the young law student into high favor. Not only was he invited to all social functions at the governor's palace, but he was made welcome there at any hour.

Thomas Jefferson, Mr. Wythe, and Dr. Small met frequently at the governor's table for friendly talks on philosophy, art, books, architecture, or music. Thomas Jefferson was fond of music on the violin. He belonged to a small musical club of which Governor Fauquier was a member.

In short, he saw a great deal more than

would have been wise for an ordinary boy to see of that brilliant but dangerous man, who was a reckless gambler and is said to have wielded an evil influence over the entire colony. Thomas Jefferson's character must have been unusually strong; for, while many older men were led into gambling and other evils by the example and influence of the governor, this youth, his daily companion, gained from him only what was good.

Years later he wrote his grandson an interesting letter in which he told him how he was able to resist the temptations that beset him in those days. Here is a quotation from that letter: "When I recollect that at fourteen years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were.

"I had the good fortune to become acquainted

very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could even become what they were. Under temptation and difficulties, I would ask myself—what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, or Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course in it will insure their approbation?

“I am certain of this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified lives they pursued, I could never doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them; whereas, seeking the same object through a process of normal reasoning, and with the jaundiced eye of youth, I should have erred.

“From the circumstances of my position, I was often thrown into the society of horse-racers, card-players, fox-hunters, scientific and professional men, and of dignified men; and many a time have I asked myself, in the enthusiastic moment of the death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse, the issue of a question eloquently argued at the bar, or in the

great council of the nation, well, which of these kinds of reputation should I prefer—that of a horse jockey, a fox-hunter, an orator, or the honest advocate of my country's rights?

"Be assured, my dear Jefferson, that these little returns into ourselves, this self-catechising habit, is not trifling nor useless, but leads to the prudent selection and steady pursuit of what is right."

Yet Thomas Jefferson was not a prig and was very much respected by boys of his own age. He had also many friends among the Williamsburg belles and thought himself in love several times; as we learn from his letters to a confidential friend.

However much he enjoyed society he was faithful to work. In the summer he rose before it was light, just as soon as it was possible to see the hands on the clock at the foot of his bed; in the winter, five was his rising hour. His practice was to study fourteen or fifteen hours a day. He had great endurance and sometimes studied nearly all night for many successive nights, but, unless

there was some special reason for his keeping late hours ten o'clock usually found him asleep.

His vacations were spent at Shadwell. Near his home was a mountain that he called Monticello. This was his favorite resort, and he and his friend, Dabney Carr, frequently took their books and violins on fair summer days and spent delightful hours studying and practising under a splendid oak near its summit.

CHAPTER III.

PRACTISING LAW.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was by inheritance a farmer; and, though he never intended to make farming his chief business, he gave a good deal of attention to his estate even before becoming of age. He was fond of nature and a keen observer, and knew much about his land.

He kept a garden book in which he made careful entries about the fruit and vegetables raised on the place. He had many plans for making the estate more beautiful. How he celebrated his twenty-first birthday, we have already seen. His life at Shadwell was saddened by the death of his sister Jane, on the first of October, 1765.

Jane, his oldest sister, had always been his favorite. Their tastes were somewhat similar. She cared for music and books, and it had been

their custom to sing and read together. No other member of the family could fill her place in his affection. He found consolation in work.

That he was no idler may be judged from the programme he made at about this time for a young friend to follow. He advised him to study the natural sciences, anatomy, zoology, botany, chemistry, etc., till eight o'clock in the morning; to read law from eight to twelve; politics from twelve to one; history during the afternoon; and literature, criticism, and rhetoric from dark till bedtime. It was his habit not only to read extensively, but very carefully, and to take notes as he read.

He studied law under the guidance of his friend, George Wythe, and in 1767, at the age of twenty-four, was admitted to the practice of law in the General Court of Virginia. He was thoroughly prepared for his work and did not have to wait for clients. His account books show that during his first year of practice he was employed on sixty-eight cases and made about fifteen hundred dollars.

That was doing very well at a time when money was scarce and prices were low. His practice increased rapidly. Thomas Jefferson was not an advocate but an office lawyer. His strength was in his knowledge of law and his power to reason clearly—not in making moving speeches. His voice was not suited to oratory; when raised above the natural pitch it soon grew husky and could not be heard in a large room.

But when he did plead a case he spoke in such a way as to convince his hearers that he supported the right side. An old Virginian, who had heard him speak many times, was asked by one of the latter's descendants whether or not Thomas Jefferson had much persuasive power. He answered. "Well, that would be hard to tell, you see he always happened to speak on the right side."

His ability was promptly recognized by the community in which he lived. He was elected a member of the House of Burgesses. He was employed as attorney by some of the most prominent men in the colony. While

especially a collector of facts pertaining to his profession he gathered zealously information on all lines.

His note book was in constant use, and every note was made in a fine, beautiful, legible hand. Even a chance talk was often made to furnish some specific and valuable information. He usually encouraged a man to talk on the subject best known to him and was willing to learn of any one who had anything to teach him.

Strangers were always impressed by the variety and extent of Thomas Jefferson's information. A traveler at an inn one day began talking with him about trade and was sure he was a merchant; a little later the conversation turned to the subject of medicine and the traveler thought he must have been mistaken, this man was not a merchant but a doctor; he seemed absolutely at home on whatever topic was introduced.

In the winter of 1770, Shadwell was burned to the ground. Thomas Jefferson was not at home at the time. On learning of the fire

he exclaimed, "Did you save my books?" "No," answered the servant who had brought the news, "they are all burned, but we saved your fiddle."

Except for the loss of the books Thomas Jefferson was not seriously disturbed by the destruction of his home at Shadwell, as he had already begun to build a beautiful new home on the summit of Monticello.

Only a small part of Thomas Jefferson's new home was completed when, two years after the burning of Shadwell, he married. He had many rivals in his suit for the hand of Martha Skelton, a widow, young, beautiful, and rich. Tradition tells us how three of her hopeful lovers cast lots to determine which should have the first chance to declare his love, and how the two luckless ones waited in the garden while Thomas Jefferson tried his fortune, until, at length, they heard a violin and the voices of Thomas Jefferson and the lady singing a love song together. Then they knew that there was no hope for them.

Thomas Jefferson was married at "The

Forest," as the home of the bride's father was called, on the first of January, 1772. The wedding was celebrated with splendor and gayety. There were fair dames in elegant silken gowns and gallant men dressed no whit less splendidly than the ladies. There were music and dancing to suit the gayest; all the guests were royally served with food and drink, and every one was happy.

Happiest of all were the laughing-eyed bridegroom and the beautiful bride; and they had need to be happy to bear with good nature the hardships in store for them. A light snow was falling when they left "The Forest," which increased as they journeyed until it became so deep that progress seemed hopeless. They had to leave the carriage and ride on horseback over eight miles of dark, rough mountain road.

When at last they reached Monticello there were no lights or servants to welcome the belated travelers. The negroes had long since given up hope of their coming, darkened the house, and gone to their quarters. Once within

the snug library, however, with candles lighted, things looked a bit more cheerful.

And surely the bride laughed when her scholarly husband pulled down some solemn-looking law books from a shelf and drew from behind them a bottle of red wine. Thomas Jefferson was at the time of his marriage twenty-eight years of age. He had proved himself successful in law and in the management of his estate.

He had increased the nineteen hundred acres his father had left him by wise purchases till he now owned five thousand acres. His farm yielded him two thousand dollars a year; his law practice three thousand dollars a year. This gave him an income that entitled him to be counted a successful business man. His wife's fortune was about equal to his own.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON had not been so engrossed in building up his private fortune that he had had no time for larger interests. When he was still a law student, in 1765, he had been one of the throng crowded in the lobby of the assembly room to hear his friend, Patrick Henry, make his speech, moving resolutions against the Stamp Act.

His pulse had bounded when he heard Patrick Henry say: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third—" but his was not one of the voices that interrupted with the cry of "Treason! treason!" He listened breathlessly for the orator's fearless conclusion—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

Thomas Jefferson said that Patrick Henry

spoke as Homer wrote. He was thrilled by his words, and all his native love of freedom and justice was fired to a heat not easily subdued. Shortly after beginning the practice of law, Thomas Jefferson had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses. The House had not been long in session before it was dissolved by the governor for asserting rights denied the colonies by the king and Parliament.

The next day the members met in the Apollo, the long room in the Raleigh Tavern. They formed an association agreeing to retaliate against England's laws interfering with colonial trade by not buying taxed goods from England. Thomas Jefferson was among those who signed this agreement.

He was repeatedly re-elected to his place in the House of Burgesses, and was one of the committee that drew up resolutions against the deportation of American citizens to England for trial. These resolutions were passed without opposition, and the Assembly was again dissolved by the Royal Governor. But undis-

mayed, the members of the committee met and sent copies of their resolutions to other colonies.

When, in 1774, news of the bill closing the Boston Port reached the Virginia Assembly, Thomas Jefferson was one of the leaders in the movement to have the day of its taking effect celebrated by fasting and prayer. The usual punishment had the usual effect. The dissolution of the House of Burgesses was followed by a meeting at the Raleigh Tavern. This time it was decided to consult with other colonies about holding an annual Congress made up of represetatives from all the colonies.

The result was the First Continental Congress, which convened at Philadelphia on the fourth of September, 1774. To Thomas Jefferson had been intrusted the important work of drawing up instructions to guide the Virginia delegates in their actions in Congress. He rose to the occasion and wrote the masterly document afterward known as "A Summary View of the Rights of British America."

It was a clear and fearless presentation of

many of the ideas afterward expressed in the Declaration of Independence. It was somewhat in advance of the feeling of the time, and the Virginia Convention gave its delegates milder instructions. Yet Thomas Jefferson's work had not been done in vain; the Summary View was published and circulated widely in America and in England and found many eager readers.

Thomas Jefferson was already well known in Virginia, but this paper made him more prominent than ever. When Peyton Randolph was called away from the Second Continental Congress in order to preside over the Virginia House of Burgesses, Thomas Jefferson was chosen to take his place in Congress.

On the eleventh of June, 1775, he started on his journey from Williamsburg to Philadelphia. He traveled in a four-horse carriage, and it took him ten days to make the journey. The road was so poorly marked that he had several times to employ guides. On reaching Philadelphia he found comfortable rooms in the house of a carpenter, the man who made for

him the desk on which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

As a representative of the leading Southern colony, Virginia, Thomas Jefferson was assured a certain prominence in Congress. All were, indeed, anxious to hear from Williamsburg. They knew Thomas Jefferson brought with him Virginia's answer to England's Conciliatory Propositions, and, moreover, that he was the author of that answer.

When he took his place in that gathering of distinguished men, a great many were surprised to find the writer of the "Summary View of the Rights of British America" so young a man. He was, in fact, next to the youngest member in Congress. He was unusually tall, being six feet two inches in height, and very slender.

His eyes were hazel; his hair, reddish; his features, delicate; his face was sensitive and expressive. His voice was gentle and he rarely spoke in Congress. Those who had been prepared to oppose the newcomer were disarmed. His personality was so winning that

all sorts of men liked him and wished to agree with him.

His was not the mildness of indecision that exasperates men of power. Vigorous John Adams said: "Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in convention, that he soon seized upon my heart." There were in Congress bitter disagreements and strong factions. The members who had the best friends had also the most implacable enemies. Thomas Jefferson came among these men and made himself liked even by those who could not think as he did.

His courtesy was so unfailing, his merit so indisputable, his patriotism so genuine, that none could cherish antagonism toward him. It is, therefore, not strange that the brilliant young Southerner was elected chairman of the committee to prepare a Declaration of Independence. The other members of the committee, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, had a high opinion of Thomas Jefferson's gifts as a

writer and they pressed upon him the honor of drawing up the declaration, as was intended by those who had voted to give him the chairmanship.

Thomas Jefferson was full of his subject, and retiring to his quiet parlor on the second floor of an isolated house on Market street, he wrote, without reference to notes or books of any sort, the Declaration of American Independence. The first men to read those words we now all know so well, "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," etc, etc., were John Adams and Benjamin Franklin.

They were well satisfied with Jefferson's work and suggested only a few trifling changes. A meeting of the entire committee was then held and the Declaration of Independence was formally submitted for criticism. The committee cordially endorsed the work of the chairman. On the second of July the docu-

ment was taken up for discussion by Congress.

It was severely criticised by some and warmly defended by others. Thomas Jefferson sat through the debate, which lasted two days, without taking any part in it. John Adams spoke for him, fearlessly and firmly. As a result of this discussion two important changes were made: Thomas Jefferson had directed censure against the king and the English people. This, it was feared, might offend some Englishmen who were disposed to be friendly to America, and the blame was made to rest on the king alone.

Again, Thomas Jefferson had declared against the evils of slavery and the slave trade and charged England with narrow self-interest and inhumanity in introducing that barbarous institution into the colonies. This was omitted, lest it alienate slave-holding colonists. Both changes were regretted by Thomas Jefferson, who thought the document weakened by the changes.

On the evening of the fourth of July the

vote was taken and every member of Congress, save one, went to the desk and signed his name to the Declaration of Independence. Liberty bells and cannon announced to the waiting public the birth of the new government—that, “We the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved, and that as free and independent States they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do.”

The Declaration of Independence was read in the field before the divisions of the army,

in the legislatures, before the lawmakers, in the churches before the people. Everywhere it was heard with solemn joy or uncurbed enthusiasm; everywhere men honored the one who had said so nobly what all wanted to say.

CHAPTER V.

SERVING VIRGINIA.

THE success of the Revolution was not to be decided on the field of battle alone. Not only must a nation be beaten; a new State must be built. For this statesmen as well as soldiers were needed. The illustrious men who helped to strike down the oppressor did a glorious work. Service no less important was rendered by those who established the new government on a firm basis of freedom and equality.

Thomas Jefferson was one of these. A student of history and law and politics, he had clear, well-matured notions of a practical republic. His thought did not love to dwell on the terrible present, the filthy prison ships, burned and plundered homes, bloodshed and death. His imagination flew forward to the days when peace should rest upon the country

and men should be free to enjoy their hardly won liberty.

He wanted to make the reward worthy of the awful cost. It was not enough that the people should be free from the tyranny of a king; they must be secured against other forms of tyranny. The opportunity to found a government, based on sound democratic principles, in Virginia, appealed to him. He resigned his seat in Congress and was elected to membership in the House of Delegates of the new State of Virginia.

He knew that the changes he wished to make in Virginia laws would meet with opposition from the conservatives, but he went to work heart and soul to accomplish such reforms as he could. In the first place he wanted personal liberty for all men. Slavery had always seemed to him an offence in the sight of God and man.

During his first term in the old House of Burgesses he had introduced a bill to abolish slavery, but had failed to carry it. He now introduced another to the effect that every

negro child born in Virginia after a certain date should be free. But the people were not willing to give up an institution that had been so profitable, and this measure was lost.

Thomas Jefferson regretted that the republic must start with this serious blemish, but he did not, because defeated here, relinquish his efforts to secure justice in other particulars. In Virginia at that time the Church of England was the State Church. Citizens were required by law to have their children baptized into the Church and to contribute toward its support one-tenth of their income.

This was a hardship for those who were not Episcopalians in faith. Thomas Jefferson believed a man's religion was a personal matter and that every man should be free to worship God in his own way without interference from the State. Here again the opposing force was strong. The Church party did its utmost to continue laws so favorable to its material power.

The contest was long and bitter, but in the course of years the will and wisdom of

Thomas Jefferson prevailed, and one of the three achievements chosen by him to be mentioned on his tomb stone was the authorship of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom.

It seemed to Thomas Jefferson that it was unjust that only those with wealth should be able to educate their children. The poor certainly needed the benefits of education. He therefore secured for his new republic a system of public schools. Of his crowning contribution to the educational system of Virginia more will be said later.

There was a strong tendency in Virginia to establish a landed aristocracy. A man might secure a great estate and make such provisions regarding it in his will that it should always stay in the family undivided. When he died the property would pass to his oldest male descendant to be enjoyed by him for life and to be handed down at his death to the next in line, and so on down through the centuries.

The man who held an estate thus entailed might need money, might wish to move to another country, might prefer business of an-

other sort, but he was not free to dispose of his land: he must preserve it unbroken. He might realize that his oldest son was unprincipled, a worthless idler, and wish to leave his property in the hands of his capable, energetic second son. This he could not do, for a man long-since dead had decreed that the first son should possess it.

A proud and lordly gentleman was the prosperous life-tenant of one of these great Virginia estates. He was attended by obsequious servants in family livery; his crest blazed from the panels of his coach; his sideboard was loaded with massive old silver plate; his galleries were hung with family portraits. He lived bountifully, eating and drinking, entertaining or visiting friends, playing cards or following the hounds on thoroughbred horses.

You may believe he was regarded with admiration and envy by his poor neighbors. But the bankrupt tenant without money to work his farm must see his debts grow and his income dwindle if he chose to live on his land. Or he must leave the fine old place a

prey to weeds and decay and strike out to seek his fortune without the capital he might have had if he could sell his plantation.

To Thomas Jefferson, neither of the results of the custom of entailing estates seemed good for the State. It was not well to have a class exempt from labor, making a display of luxurious idleness to their hard-working neighbors. On the other hand, it was not well that lands that might produce wealth should lie idle because the men who worked them could not or would not cultivate them.

He was instrumental in having the laws allowing perpetual entail, and favoring the oldest son above the other children in the division of an estate, abolished. It is interesting to note that Thomas Jefferson himself had never suffered from the injustice of these laws. His personal experience had been such as might lead us to expect to find him on the side of his opponents. He was himself the owner of more than a hundred slaves; he had been brought up in the English Church; his education had not been neglected; his had been

the eldest brother's portion; he was free to dispose of his beautiful estate. Wholly disinterested was his desire for reform.

Having done an invaluable work in reviewing the laws of the State, Thomas Jefferson accepted the position of governor. He succeeded Patrick Henry, the first governor of Virginia after Colonial days. He had served the full three years allowed by the constitution. Thomas Jefferson was elected by a very small majority over an old college friend, John Page.

As governor, Thomas Jefferson was criticised by the short-sighted for not fortifying Virginia, so as to prevent the English from invading it. They complained that Virginia was left defenceless while the conquest of the Northwest Territory and the victories of the Continental army were accomplished with Virginia soldiers and Virginia treasure.

It was Thomas Jefferson's policy to support the commander-in-chief in such a way that it might be possible for him to keep the enemy engaged afar from Virginia. This had been the policy of Patrick Henry. This would

surely have been the policy of John Page, who melted the lead roof from his house, the most magnificent mansion in Virginia, to furnish General Washington with bullets.

This was the policy urged by General Washington, greatest of Virginians and Americans. This was the policy dictated by common sense when there was not treasure enough in Virginia to fortify the State with its extensive sea-front in such a way as to keep out the English should they triumph elsewhere.

This was the policy dictated by patriotism when the commander-in-chief of the American army was in sore need of additional soldiers and ammunition, yes, even in want of shoes and bread for his army. We all know that General Washington and his generals could not keep the enemy from Virginia. They came with fire and sword and no Virginian's person or property was in greater danger than Governor Thomas Jefferson's.

General Cornwallis sent Tarleton to Charlottesville where the State Legislature was in session with instructions to seize the governor

and other prominent patriots. One beautiful June morning while Thomas Jefferson and his family were sitting at the breakfast table at Monticello with the speakers of both houses of the legislature for guests, the meal was interrupted by the arrival of a dust-covered rider on a dripping horse.

He stopped only long enough to cry, "Fly! The English are here! A detachment of Tarleton's terrible riders, under McLeod, are already climbing the mountain!" and went thundering on to carry the warning to Charlottesville. Thomas Jefferson gave orders to have the coach made ready and his guests horses brought. His own horse he sent to the smith's to be reshod.

After a hurried breakfast the guests rode away. The master of Monticello, making light of the danger and promising to follow soon, started his wife and children to a place of safety, fourteen miles distant. They went in the family carriage accompanied by Thomas Jefferson's private secretary.

While Thomas Jefferson was busy collecting

valuable papers and giving directions for their concealment another messenger arrived, bidding him fly with all speed. He instructed a servant to have his horse taken to a spur in the mountain, from which he could view the valley. With telescope in hand he walked to this point.

But as he could not hear the tramp of cavalry and with his telescope could see no soldiers in the valley, he decided the alarm must have been a false one and started to return to the house. He discovered after he had gone a short way that his light walking sword had dropped from its sheath. Retracing his steps to find it, he took another look at the valley and saw the village streets swarming with Tarleton's white and yellow riders. He then mounted his horse and followed his family.

In the meantime danger was nearer than he knew. The English had come up the mountain by another road and had entered the house five minutes after Thomas Jefferson left it. Cæsar, a slave, was in a hole under the

floor, hiding the silver and important papers, when his comrade, Martin, who had been handing the articles to him, heard the clatter of hoofs on the driveway, and, without giving Cæsar time to climb out, clapped down the boards on man and treasures.

The faithful Cæsar stayed in this grave-like cell eighteen hours without food or light. Martin, grim and fearless, faced the foe. He found Captain McLeod disposed to be a gentleman, and the soldiers had strict orders to injure nothing. But he encountered alone some disorderly ruffians in the cellar. One of them thrust a pistol into his face with the command, "Tell where your master is or I'll fire."

"Fire away," answered Thomas Jefferson's devoted servant without flinching. After eighteen hours at Monticello, McLeod and his men rode off. They had kept Tarleton's injunction to do no injury to the governor's property. Thomas Jefferson's Elk Hill Plantation did not fare so well during the visit of Lord Cornwallis. The soldiers of the latter de-

stroyed his growing crops and burned his barns and stores of grain.

They killed or carried off cattle, sheep, hogs, and horses, cut the throats of young colts, burned the fences, and carried off thirty slaves, not to freedom, but to death by small-pox and camp fever. This treatment of the governor's property is the more shocking when we remember how Thomas Jefferson had interfered in behalf of the English prisoners of war held in Virginia and secured for them humane treatment.

At the close of his second term as governor, Thomas Jefferson declined to be a candidate for re-election. He found that the successful British raids in Virginia had shaken the people's confidence in a democratic government in time of war.

He believed the presence of a man who had a reputation as a soldier in the office of governor would do much to restore the confidence of the people. It was Thomas Jefferson's intention to retire to his farm and no longer take an active part in public affairs.

CHAPTER VI.

MINISTER TO FRANCE.

THERE was much to make private life attractive to Thomas Jefferson. His estate was large. He had chosen a most beautiful spot for his home. He had himself made the plans for the fine house he had built on the crest of the mountain, gaining many ideas from books on architecture he had read and the prints he had seen of Greek buildings.

He loved to collect beautiful things and choice books for his house. He enjoyed laying out his grounds in beautiful gardens, raising rare shrubs and flowers and trees. Of vegetables and grains, grapes and olives he wished Monticello to produce the finest. Kennels and stables, pens and poultry yards, garden, orchard, grainfield and woodland, received his personal attention.

But great as was Thomas Jefferson's enjoy-

ment of building, collecting, and farming, much of his delight in Monticello grew out of the human relationships he enjoyed there. The beautiful bride he had brought to his mountain home on that stormy night in 1772 had grown frail as the years passed, but as she lost her vigorous health her beauty became, in the eyes of her husband, the more "exquisite."

He loved her with a devotion so strong and tender that public honor and glory had for him no charm when measured against her happiness. In order to be with her when she needed him or wished for his presence he was ready to forego political appointments that would bring him popularity and fame. To some it may seem a weakness, but it must be admitted that Thomas Jefferson's affection was stronger than his ambition.

As might be supposed, his six children were to him a source of great pleasure. His eldest daughter was named Martha, for her mother; the second Jane, in memory of the dear elder sister who had died. Children had a prominent place at Monticello. Dabney Carr, the

friend with whom Thomas Jefferson in his youth loved to spend summer days studying near the mountain top, had married one of his sisters.

Mr. Carr died the year after Thomas Jefferson's marriage, and the latter took his widow and her six children to Monticello to make their home with him. He watched over his nephews and nieces with a father's affection, superintending their games and acting as their schoolmaster. The hospitality of Monticello was far-famed. Its master had brilliant social qualities and was sought after and loved by the able and gifted men of his time.

Scientists, philosophers, writers, musicians, were among his guests. Of good books and of good talk there was no lack—good music, too, was generally to be heard in Thomas Jefferson's home. He had given much attention and time to practice on the violin and played well. He appreciated a good instrument and came near to coveting his friend's (John Randolph) excellent violin.

Half in fun, half in seriousness, the two

men drew up a small legal document, with an imposing array of witnesses, agreeing that if John Randolph outlived Thomas Jefferson he should have books belonging to Thomas Jefferson's library to the value of eight hundred pounds sterling, on condition that if Thomas Jefferson lived the longer he should receive the violin.

But just before the outbreak of the Revolution Randolph offered to sell his violin to Jefferson. He purchased it gladly, though henceforth his life was to be too busy to permit him using it very much. Thomas Jefferson, as has been seen, while not approving of slavery, yielded to the prevailing custom and employed slaves to work his estate.

He treated them with great kindness and consideration, instructing the overseer always that under no circumstances must the force be overworked. They felt for him a devotion amounting almost to worship. In their eyes their master was the greatest and best man in the world.

Thomas Jefferson was too true a democrat

by nature to require of any man, bound or free, such personal service as was customary for Virginians of that day to exact. He had no body-servant, and when he rode he dispensed with the usual mounted attendants.

After his wearying experience as war governor, Thomas Jefferson looked forward to years of quiet happiness at Monticello. But the time was not ripe for that. His wife's frail health did not mend, and calls to political offices followed him to her bedside. Persistent efforts were made to secure his services as peace ambassador.

Friends urged him to accept the appointment, and because he did not, charged him with want of patriotism. Though stung by their reproaches, he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. The voice of his dying wife was the only voice to which he fully listened in those days. And when, at length, on the sixth of September, 1782, the heart-breaking parting came, Jefferson was ill with grief and sought comfort in a seclusion that he could endure to have broken by only those he best loved.

When, however, the call to public service was renewed he gave it favorable consideration. He was first asked to go as Peace Ambassador to France, but as the treaty of peace was made before he had sailed, he resumed his place in Congress. The membership had changed much since he had been there, but he was as cordially received by the new House as he had been by the old.

Once in touch with public affairs his interest revived, and he was soon pushing forward reforms with characteristic zeal. His thoughts dwelt much with his motherless children, however. Here is a letter he wrote his oldest daughter:

“ ANNAPOLIS, Nov. 28th, 1783.

“ MY DEAR PATSY :

“ After four days’ journey, I arrived here without any accident and in as good health as when I left Philadelphia. The conviction that you would be more improved in the situation I have placed you than if still with me, has solaced me on my parting with you, which my love for you has rendered a difficult thing. The acquirements which I hope you will make under the tutors I have provided for you will render you more worthy of my love ; and if they cannot increase it will prevent

its diminution. Consider the good lady who has taken you under her roof, who has undertaken to see that you perform all your exercises, and to admonish you in those wanderings from what is right, or what is clever, to which your inexperience would expose you; consider her, I say, as your mother, as the only person to whom, since the loss with which Heaven has been pleased to afflict you, you can now look up; and that her displeasure or disapprobation, on any occasion, will be an immense misfortune, which should you be so unhappy as to incur by any unguarded act, think no concession too much to regain her good will.

"With respect to the distribution of your time, the following is what I should approve:

From 8 to 10, practise music.

From 10 to 1, dance one day and draw another.

From 1 to 2, draw on the day you dance, and write a letter next day.

From 3 to 4, read French.

From 4 to 5, exercise yourself in music.

From 5 till bed time, read English, write, etc., etc.

"Communicate this plan to Mrs. Hopkinson, and if she approves it, pursue it. _____ I expect you will write me by every post. Inform me what books you read, what tunes you learn, and inclose me your best copy of every lesson in drawing. Write also one letter every week, either to your Aunt Eppes, your Aunt Skipwith, your Aunt Carr, or the little lady for whom I now inclose a letter, and always put the letter you so write under cover to me. Take care that

you never spell a word wrong. Always before you write a word, consider how it is spelt, and, if you do not remember it, turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well. I have placed my happiness on seeing you good and accomplished; and no distress which this world can now bring on me would equal that of your disappointing my hopes. If you love me, then, strive to be good under every situation, and to all living creatures, and to acquire those accomplishments which I have put in your power, and which will go far towards insuring you the warmest love of your affectionate father.

“TH. JEFFERSON.”

“P. S. Keep my letters and read them at times, that you may always have present in your mind those things that will endear you to me.”

Little eleven-year-old Martha or “Patsy” read the postscript and heeded it. Years afterward she gave this particular letter to Queen Victoria for her collection of letters written by distinguished men. She valued it highly. Thomas Jefferson wrote his daughter often and always told her to be good and to be industrious. He was anxious that she should become a lovable, accomplished woman.

In 1784 Congress appointed Thomas Jefferson as a minister to act with Adams and

Franklin in negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign nations. This necessitated his going to France. He had not been there long when, on the resignation of Dr. Franklin, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of France.

Dr. Franklin, diplomatist and philosopher, had filled this position so brilliantly that the office had come to be regarded as one of great honor. The French were anxious to know what manner of man his successor was. You may be sure they had heard of him. They had read and admired The Declaration of American Independence, and his interesting and instructive "Notes on Virginia."

A Frenchman who had visited him in America had published a book in which he celebrated Thomas Jefferson in this fashion:

"Let me describe to you a man, not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace; an American who, without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled

in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator and statesman. A senator of America who sat for two years in that famous Congress which brought about the Revolution. A governor of Virginia who filled this difficult station during the invasions of Arnold, of Phillips, and of Cornwallis; a philosopher in voluntary retirement from the world."

He told much more about his host and life at Monticello that was calculated to make his readers think Thomas Jefferson a man of rare ability and charm. Indeed, the office he had been appointed to fill, the work he had done, the rumors that had gone abroad regarding him, led the French people to have the highest expectations of Thomas Jefferson. Everywhere he more than filled that expectation.

The veteran French diplomats found this pleasant young American as keen and firm as the illustrious Dr. Franklin. He looked sharply after American interests, but at the same time he made warm friends for his country and for himself. Naturally La Fayette

and Thomas Jefferson were strongly attached to each other and were much together. In the troubled times before the French Revolution Thomas Jefferson acted with discretion and wisdom.

Even among the polished French his social grace and conversational power were conceded to be of superior order. Scientists found him scholarly and accurate. An amusing instance of his convincing the eminent naturalist, Buffon, of an error is told. They disagreed about the formation of a moose. The naturalist contradicted Thomas Jefferson with authority.

The latter did not argue the matter, but quietly arranged to have the skeleton of a gigantic moose shipped to him from New England. Inviting those who had been interested in the discussion to his house, he exhibited the unmistakable evidence of the correctness of his impression. The scientist admitted his error and henceforth treated Thomas Jefferson's comments on animals as those of a brother scientist who knew whereof he spoke.

When business was not pressing, Thomas Jefferson traveled through several European countries. In his travels he gave particular attention to agriculture and horticulture and to the industries and the social condition of the people. He had brought with him his oldest daughter, and placed her in a convent school. Maria, aged six, and Lucy, aged two (his only other living children), he had left with an aunt.

Little Lucy died, and he was so unhappy at having Maria so far away that he arranged to have her brought to France. The little girl stopped in England to visit Mrs. Adams, and this is that lady's description of her:

"I have had with me for a fortnight a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson, who arrived here with a young negro girl, her servant, from Virginia. Mr. Jefferson wrote me some months ago that he expected them, and desired me to receive them. I did so, and was amply repaid for my trouble. A finer child of her age I never saw.

So mature an understanding, so womanly in

behavior, and so much sensibility united are rarely met with.

I grew so fond of her, and she was so attached to me, that, when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away. She is but eight years old. She would sit sometimes and describe to me the parting with her aunt, who brought her up, the obligations she was under to her, and the love she had for her little cousins, till the tears would stream down her cheeks; and how I had been her friend, and she loved me.

"Her papa would break her heart by making her go again. She clung around me so that I could not help shedding a tear at parting with her. She was the favorite of every one in the house."

It is no wonder that Mr. Jefferson wanted this affectionate, impressionable child near her sister and himself. Both of his daughters seem to have been very warm-hearted and ready to give their affection to those who were near them.

Martha was so attracted to convent life that,

after she had been in the convent school sometime, she wished to be a nun. She wrote to her father to ask his consent. For several days she received no answer. Then her father, her delightful, entertaining father, came to the school to make a call. After an interview with the abbess he sent for Martha. Without referring to the letter, he asked in his winning way if his daughter was not almost ready to take her mother's place in his household.

She could not resist that, and gladly went to her father's house. She and her sister were sent no more to school, but had tutors at home. Though still young, Martha was allowed to see something of French society, for Mr. Jefferson was always inclined to make companions of his children.

While Mr. Jefferson was Minister to France he injured his wrist so that it was never strong again and occasioned him much inconvenience in writing. He was walking some miles from home with a friend one day when he slipped and fell in such a way as to fracture the wrist. Grasping the injured member with his left

hand he went on with his discussion as if nothing had happened. It was not until they reached his home and he gave directions to have a physician sent for, that his friend was aware that he had been hurt. This shows his fortitude in little things.

Although Mr. Jefferson enjoyed living in France, he was far from preferring that country to his native land. It pained him to have his daughters growing up strangers to their friends and relatives, and in a society so different from the simple, sincere social order that prevailed in Virginia.

CHAPTER VII.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

GREAT changes had taken place in the United States during Thomas Jefferson's stay in France; the Constitution had been formed, and the government changed from a loose confederacy of well-nigh independent States to a strong centralized nation. The executive department was now under the control of one man, a president, and that president was his old neighbor and friend, the great and good George Washington.

In 1789 President Washington granted Jefferson a leave of absence that he might visit America and look after his affairs in Virginia. He had been away for five years. His oldest daughter had grown to be a young lady. Little Maria had become a lovely, slender girl, suggesting to every one who had known her, her beautiful mother.

When the news of the master's coming reached Monticello there was great excitement among the slaves. They asked for a holiday, and, arranging themselves in their best, men, women, and children went trooping down the mountain toward Shadwell to meet him. When, after long waiting, they saw his carriage in the distance, they rushed forward, shouting and waving their hats. At sight of his kind familiar face their joy passed all bounds.

They must give some expression to their gladness, and, in spite of his remonstrances, they took the horses from the carriage, and, some pushing and others pulling the vehicle, and all very noisy and happy, they made quick time up the mountain. When Monticello was reached and Jefferson would have stepped from the carriage, he found himself seized in strong arms and borne on the men's shoulders to the house, while the women pressed near to touch his hands or at least his coat.

Thomas Jefferson did not approve of hero worship, especially when he was the object; but he was deeply touched to find every human

being at his beloved Monticello so glad to have him home again. His daughters lost no time in renewing the friendships of childhood. It was December when they reached home.

In the following February, Martha, who had grown to be all her father could wish, accomplished, kind-hearted, with her father's own sweetness and serenity of temper, who in some measure deserved her father's enemy's warm praise that she was the "sweetest woman in Virginia," married her second cousin, Thomas Man Randolph. Thus, by the marriage of their grand-children, were the families of the old friends, Peter Jefferson and William Randolph, united.

Thomas Jefferson had scarcely set foot on American soil before he received a letter from President George Washington, offering him the position of Secretary of State. After some correspondence, Jefferson consented to take charge of the Department of State in Washington's cabinet. It happened in this way that Jefferson did not return to France.

On the first of March Thomas Jefferson

started on his journey to New York, the seat of government. The roads were so bad that he sent his carriage by water and took the stage. That conveyance crept along so slowly through the snow and mud that he was two weeks going from Richmond to New York. He stopped at Philadelphia long enough to make a farewell visit to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was ill and approaching the end.

Mr. Jefferson had left his younger daughter with her sister. His heart, judging from his letters, was much with his daughters. The following letters to eleven-year-old Maria show how lively an interest the great statesman took in their most feminine occupations and wishes :

“ NEW YORK, April 11, 1790.

“ Where are you, my dear Maria? how do you do? how are you occupied? Write me a letter by the first post, and answer me all these questions. Tell me whether you see the sun rise every day? how many pages a day you read in Don Quixote? how far you are advanced in him? whether you repeat a grammar lesson every day? what else you read? how many hours a day you sew? whether you have an opportunity of continuing your music?

“ Whether you know how to make a pudding yet? to sow

spinach? or to set a hen? Be good, my dear, as I have always found you; never be angry with anybody, nor speak harsh of them; try to let everybody's faults be forgotten, as you would wish yours to be; take more pleasure in giving what is best to another than in having it yourself, and then all the world will love you, and I more than all the world.

"If your sister is with you, kiss her, and tell her how much I love her also, and present my affections to Mr. Randolph. Love your aunt and uncle and be dutiful and obliging to them for all their kindness to you. What would you do without them and with such a vagrant for a father? Say to both of them a thousand affectionate things for me; and adieu, my dear Maria.

"TH. JEFFERSON."

"PHILADELPHIA, April 24, 1791.

"I have received, my dear Maria, your letter of March the twenty-sixth; I find I have counted too much on you as a Botanical and Zoological correspondent, for I undertook to affirm here that the fruit was not killed in Virginia, because I had a young daughter there who was in that kind of correspondence with me, and who, I was sure, would have mentioned it if it had been so. However, I shall go on communicating to you whatever may contribute to a comparative estimate of the true climate, in hopes it will induce you to do the same to me.

"Instead of waiting to send the two veils for your sister and yourself round with the other things, I will inclose them with this letter. Observe that one of the strings is to be drawn

tight round the root of the crown of the hat, and the veil then falling over the brim of the hat is drawn by the longer string as tight or as loose as you please round the neck.

"When the veil is not chosen to be down, the lower string is also tied round the root of the crown, so as to give the appearance of a puffed bandage for the hat. I send also the green lining for the calash. J. Eppes is arrived here. Present my affections to Mr. R., your sister, and niece."

"Yours with tender love,

"TH. JEFFERSON."

"April 5, Apricots in bloom, cherry leafing.

" 9, Peach in blossom, apple leafing.

" 11, Cherry leafing."

While writing to little Maria in this careful style, Jefferson was not a little troubled by the way affairs at the Capital were running. As he had been abroad for five years he was at a disadvantage in the president's cabinet concerning many domestic matters. The brilliant Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, knew all the questions before the American public, the disagreements in Congress, the sides taken by leading men, the feeling in different sections of the country in regard to

political issues, as well as a good chess player knows the disposition of his chess men.

He met Jefferson cordially and presented matters to him in such a light that Jefferson used his influence to have the South consent to the assumption by Congress of the debts of the several States, in return for which concession to the North, the North granted the South the seat of national government. When Jefferson became aware of the true situation, and knew the feeling of the Southern people upon the matter he regretted that he had been so ready to take Hamilton's view of the case.

Once on his guard, he was not again misled. There were then, besides the president, only four members of the cabinet. It was Washington's wish to have both political parties represented there. Though himself, like Hamilton, a Federalist, he had known Jefferson's Antifederalistic tendency when he urged him to become Secretary of State.

The natural inclination of the people to think of the past as better than the present, and the horrors of the French Revolution,

produced in America a strong reaction against popular government. Many openly declared their distrust of a republic and their preference for a monarchy.

One political party was in favor of a strongly centralized government, of diminishing the powers of the State government, and increasing the powers of the national government; and of enlarging the powers of the national executive. Jefferson's theoretical disapproval of undemocratic government had been confirmed by the state of society he had found in France.

He watched over, with a jealous eye, what he regarded as the safeguards of democracy, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the rights of the several States, and the equality in power of the legislative, the judicial, and the executive departments of government. He became the recognized leader of the Anti-federalist party. He preferred to call it the Republican party, and it was for a time so designated; but that name has since been used to distinguish the party that continues

the policy of the Federalists, while Jefferson's party is known as the Democratic party.

Jefferson was as unyielding in the cabinet as Hamilton. He was unwilling to act against his convictions; at the same time he realized that the president was in sympathy with Hamilton's measures and that he gained little by opposition. He sought again and again to withdraw from a position fraught with much friction and bitterness.

Washington valued Jefferson highly and urged him to continue in office. It was not until the close of 1793 that he was permitted to resign. In 1796 he was recalled to political life as the presidential candidate of the Republican party. John Adams, who had been vice-president during Washington's presidency, was elected by a majority of three votes.

As the law stood, the candidate receiving the second highest number of votes was vice-president. As Jefferson had received a larger number of votes than the Federalist candidate for the vice-presidency, he, though of the opposing political party, became vice-president.

Again he went to the national capital, this time at Philadelphia, Pa.

When Adams' administration was drawing to a close he was chosen by his party as presidential candidate, and Jefferson was a second time named by the Antifederalists. Aaron Burr was candidate for the vice-presidency on the same ticket. The campaign was a bitter one. Jefferson's opponents did not hesitate shamelessly to attack his character. He was called anarchist and atheist. He was charged with insults to Washington, his friend, and the nation's idol. He could not pass over in quiet the accusation that he had been a robber of widows and orphans, but to most charges, however revolting, he returned only dignified silence.

When the campaign was over and votes were counted it was found that the Republicans had won. But here again was an embarrassing situation. Jefferson and Burr had both received the same number of votes. It would seem quite natural that as Jefferson had been the candidate for the first place, he

would receive it without question. But Congress spent many days in deciding the matter. At last, however, only a few days before the time for inauguration, Jefferson was pronounced president and Aaron Burr, vice-president.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON CITY, on the Potomac, had become the seat of government in June, 1800, and Thomas Jefferson was the first president to be inaugurated there. At that time there was little in Washington to deserve the name of city. Some of the government buildings were erected, but they rose in their beauty, solitary, in the midst of the wilderness.

Walcott describes in rather a gloomy way the national capital as follows:

"The capitol is situated on an eminence, which I should suppose was near the center of the immense country here called the city. It is a mile and a half from the President's house, and three miles on a straight line from Georgetown. There is one good tavern, about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built or erecting; but I do not see

how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college, or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twelve in one house, and utterly secluded from society.

"There are, in fact, but few houses in any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings,—you may look in almost any direction, over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York, without seeing a fence or any object except brick-kilns and temporary huts for laborers."

After announcing "we want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other little trifles of this kind to make our city perfect," Gouverneur Morris gave a friend the following amusing recommendation of the capital city: "I assure you that freestone is very abundant here; that excellent brick can be burned here; that there is no want of sites for magnificent hotels; that contemplated canals can bring a vast commerce to this place; that the wealth, which is the

natural consequence, must attract the fine arts hither; in short, that it is the very best city in the world for a future residence."

Mrs. Adams, in a letter to an intimate friend, complains of the great unfinished White House, "requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order," without wood enough for fires, and tells how she uses the great audience room for drying clothes.

Though Adams and Jefferson had been good friends in the past and were again in their old age to be good friends, at the time of Jefferson's inauguration the feeling between them was far from friendly. Jefferson resented Adams' making at the very close of his administration an appointment so important as that of chief justice of the supreme court, and giving that office to John Marshall, a known political opponent of Jefferson.

He resented, too, Adams' making the most of every moment of his time to fill minor judicial offices with Federalists. He took measures to have a stop put to these appoint-

ments promptly at midnight on the night before his inauguration. President Adams did not stay to participate in the inauguration ceremonies, but left the city early in the day. This was unfortunate.

There was not a little anxiety in the country over this first transfer of power from the tried Federalist party to the untried Republicans. And it would have been well had the leading Federalist acted with the tolerance advocated by Jefferson in his inaugural address. He said in part: "This being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common effort for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression."

"Let us, then, fellow citizens, unite with one

heart and one mind. Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions—every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

“We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists. If there are any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

“I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. I believe, on the contrary, that this is the strongest government on the earth. I

believe it is the only one where every man, at the call of the laws, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.

"Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others?"

Now it seems strange that there ever should have been need for a president of the United States to say these things. Jefferson had disapproved of what he considered an undemocratic ceremoniousness in the attitude of his predecessors.

He wished the American people not to regard their presidents with the awe that subjects of despotic monarchs feel for their sovereigns, but to give them merely such respect as is due to every honorable, law-abiding citizen. It was his wish that his inauguration should be without display. Plainly dressed and unattended he went to the capitol and delivered his address in a scarcely audible tone of voice.

As both of President Jefferson's daughters were married he had neither of them to preside over the White House. Here he kept house in an abundant and hospitable fashion. He had a French cook, well-trained servants, and his table was bountifully served. His household expenses were about fifty dollars a day. His house was open to guests of all degrees.

Perfectly accessible, the new president received the lowly or the mighty as his equals, with entire informality. So desirous was he not to err on the side of aristocratic exclusiveness and respect for rank that he went to the other extreme, and "Jeffersonian simplicity" came near to making serious trouble. Dressed like a farmer, he received pompous foreign officials with as much informality as if they were his neighbors.

At his parties and at his dinners all guests were on an equal footing. Special honor was shown to no one. No man waited for another unless his inner sense of courtesy and the fitness of things prompted him to do so. This

gave great offence to those who were accustomed to be treated with deference. It was not because President Jefferson was discourteous to the wife of the British ambassador, but because he was equally courteous to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith, that the world was shocked.

Society was not ready for any such innovations; much resentment and bitterness grew out of his democratic style of entertainment. President Jefferson, after giving it a fair trial, abandoned it for a somewhat more conventional deportment.

In his management of public affairs President Jefferson overcame the general distrust in Republicanism, and won the confidence of the people to such an extent that he was almost unanimously elected to a second term.

He was, indeed, urgently pressed, even by those with whom he had once been regarded as a dangerous theorist, to be a candidate for a third term. He had always advocated frequent rotation in the office of chief executive and opposed repeated re-elections. He, therefore, firmly refused to consider a third term.

and lent his support to Madison, who had been his Secretary of State.

President Jefferson's administration was not an untroubled one. As he had anticipated, he found the judicial and the executive branches of government in frequent conflict. The friction between the president and chief justice reached a crisis in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason, when the chief executive refused to answer the summons of the chief justice to appear as a witness.

While President, Jefferson found the power he had done so much to foster—the right of the individual State—asserting itself against him in no pleasant manner. When the British outrages against American seamen culminated in the *Leopard's* attack on the *Chesapeake*, and the British government refused to give satisfaction, President Jefferson recommended the passage of the “Embargo Act.” Congress acted upon his suggestion and all the American ports were closed against the British. Some of the States rebelled against this measure as unconstitutional.

One of the most notable achievements of President Jefferson's administration, the Louisiana Purchase, surpassed the constitutional rights of the chief executive. Of this no man was more painfully aware than President Jefferson. He saw his opportunity to gain for the new country a vast rich territory that he foresaw would one day be needed by it. He found no authority in the Constitution to act in the matter.

He must either exceed his chartered authority and so establish what he deemed a dangerous precedent, or he must let pass an opportunity to incalculably benefit his country. To make the decision he made required courage and confidence in the future of the new republic. With the great "World's Fair," held in St. Louis in the summer of 1904 to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the "Louisiana Purchase," fresh in the nation's mind, we cannot doubt posterity's commendation of his act.

Having bought the land from its French owners, President Jefferson had no disposition

to ignore the Indians claims thereto. He had taken a genuine interest in the Indians since the days of his boyhood when he saw the chiefs made welcome in his father's house. He had studied their customs and their languages, and deserved the confidence they had in him as their friend. His attitude toward them was more philanthropic and more just than that of many other American statesmen.

As the time approached for President Jefferson to retire from office his countrymen sought to express their appreciation of his work by sending him "addresses." These addresses came from all parts of the country. The people of his own county summed up his services in this way:

"We have to thank you for the model of an administration conducted on the purest principles of republicanism; for pomp and state laid aside; patronage discarded; internal taxes abolished; a host of superfluous offices disbanded; the monarchic maxim that a national debt is a national blessing renounced, and more than thirty-three millions of our debt

discharged; the natives' right to near one hundred millions of acres of our national domain extinguished; and without the guilt or calamities of conquest, a vast and fertile region added to our country, far more extensive than her original possessions, bringing along with it the Mississippi and the port of Orleans, the trade of the West to the Pacific Ocean, and in the intrinsic value of the land itself, a source of permanent and almost inexhaustible revenue.

"These are points in your administration which the historian will not fail to seize, to expand, and teach posterity to dwell upon with delight. Nor will he forget our peace with the civilized world, preserved through a season of uncommon difficulty and trial; the good will cultivated with the unfortunate aborigines of our country and the civilization humanely extended among them; the lesson taught the inhabitants of the coast of Barbary, that we have the means of chastising their piratical encroachments, and awing them into justice; and that theme, which, above all

others, the historic genius will hang upon with rapture, the liberty of speech and the press preserved inviolate, without which genius and science are given to man in vain."

President Jefferson in his eight years as president made so admirable a record as to firmly establish republicanism in this country.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was now sixty-five years old. His political work was done. The patriot was at liberty to give place to the farmer, the philosopher, the scholar, the man; and Jefferson was free to enjoy the pleasures of books and nature and the companionship of those who were left of the ones he had loved.

Maria had died, and of his children Martha Randolph only was living. She, however, "the sweetest woman in Virginia," with her husband and large family of boys and girls, came to Monticello to keep loneliness from her father's hearth. When she asked him how he wished to live, he answered, "As a plain country gentleman." And, truly, he looked the part, riding about his estate in his unpretentious

gray riding dress, on a horse that any horse-loving Virginian might covet.

That is what he was taken to be by the old man who stood at the ford one morning when Jefferson rode up with a party of friends. The stranger eyed each rider who passed him till the ex-president approached. Saluting respectfully, he asked, "Sir, will your horse carry double across the river?" Jefferson stopped instantly and bade the old man mount behind him.

After they were all across the stream, one of the party, amused at the adventure, fell back and asked the old man, "Why did you single out the man in gray to give you a ride?" "Oh," said the old man, "I was sure by his looks that he would not refuse."

It was Jefferson's custom to ride often and far, sometimes accompanied by a friend, but more often alone. At such times he hummed or sang happily to himself. He always had a courteous greeting for those he met. On one occasion his nephew received from him a rebuke that he did not soon forget. While

riding with his uncle one morning the young man neglected to respond to the greeting of a slave who passed them on the road. "What," said Jefferson, "do you allow a servant to be more of a gentleman than you?"

Jefferson had never lost interest in farming and in improving his estate. He found his farm sadly in need of attention, and was glad to give it his personal supervision. His powerful mind was as fertile in ideas for improving a farm as for building a nation. He had invented a plow. He had both a carpenter and a blacksmith shop where, with his own hands, he had contrived innumerable labor-saving devices.

He also had a shop where his slaves made nails. Nails were then all made by hand. Nailmaking and woodcutting were more profitable pursuits at Monticello in those days than raising tobacco and wheat. The land was impoverished. Besides, the war of 1812 and the troubles that had led to it had disturbed and well-nigh destroyed American commerce, and there was no market for the produce of

Virginia. In spite of his utmost care Jefferson found farming a losing business.

Still, he worked persistently, repairing, building, improving, experimenting. In many of his letters to his daughters and to his neighbors and nephews he had urged upon them the importance of always being busy. He was himself one of the most industrious of men. His old overseer said that he had found Jefferson sitting unemployed only twice in his life, and then he was suffering from headache.

He believed in early rising, and declared near the close of his life that five o'clock had not found him in bed for fifty years. He superintended the work on his estate in detail; he carried on an enormous correspondence; he kept most elaborate account and note books; he read and studied diligently, and he directed the studies of many young people of his acquaintance.

But all of his employments were not of a serious or laborious sort. This letter from a granddaughter, shows us a charming side of

his life at Monticello: "I cannot describe the feelings of veneration, admiration, and love that existed in my heart toward him. I looked upon him as a being too great and good for my companionship; and yet I felt no fear to approach him, and be taught by him some of the childish sports that I delighted in.

"When he walked in the garden and would call the children to go with him, we raced after and before him, and we were made perfectly happy by this permission to accompany him. Not one of us in our wildest moods ever placed a foot on one of the garden-beds, for that would violate one of his rules, and yet I never heard him utter a harsh word to one of us, or speak in a raised tone of voice, or use a threat.

"He simply said 'do' or 'do not.' He would gather fruit for us, seek out the ripest figs, or bring down the cherries from on high above our heads with a long stick, at the end of which was a hook and a little net bag. One of our earliest amusements was in running races on the terrace or around the lawn. He

placed us according to our ages, giving the youngest and smallest the start of all the others by some yards, and then he raised his arm high with his white handkerchief in his hand, on which our eager eyes were fixed, and slowly counted three, at which number he dropped the handkerchief and we started off to finish the race by returning to the starting place and receiving our reward of dried fruit—three figs, prunes, or dates to the victor, two to the second, and one to the lagger, who came in last. These were our summer sports with him.

“On winter evenings, when it grew too dark to read, in the half hour that passed before candles came in, as we all sat around the fire, he taught us several childish games, and would play them with us. I remember that ‘Cross questions’ and ‘I love my love with an A’ were two I learned from him; and we would teach some of ours to him.

“When the candles were brought, all was quiet immediately, for he took up his book to read, and we would not speak above a whisper

lest we should disturb him, and generally we followed his example and took a book, and I have seen him raise his eyes from his own book and look round on the little circle of readers, smile, and make some remarks to mamma about it.

"When the snow fell we would go out as soon as it stopped to clear it off the terraces with shovels, that he might have his usual walk on them without treading in snow. He often gave us little presents. I remember his giving us 'Parent's Assistant,' and that we drew lots, and that she who drew the longest straw had the first reading of the book—the next longest straw entitled the drawer to the second reading—the shortest, to the last reading and the ownership of the book. One day I was passing hastily through the glass door from the hall to the portico; there was a broken pane which caught my muslin dress and tore it sadly.

"Grandpapa was standing by and saw the disaster. A few days after he came into mamma's sitting room with a bundle in his

hand, and said to me, ‘I have been mending your dress for you.’ He had himself selected for me another beautiful dress.” Indeed, there was much simple happiness in the life at Monticello. Jefferson could not altogether escape, however, the penalties of fame.

He had more than a convenient number of letters to answer and guests to entertain. He did not wish himself to be made a hero. Again and again people of various States sought to celebrate his birthday, but he firmly though courteously refused to disclose the date of his birth. The citizens of his neighborhood wanted to give him a grand welcome home when he came back from Washington—he could not be sure of the date of his arrival.

A French friend, after visiting him, sent him a wreath of immortels to crown the head of a fine bust of himself that adorned his hall; on receiving it Jefferson wound it around the brow of a statue in his hall, but the statue was that of Washington. Yet there was a sort of tribute that it was not his nature to reject.

When men came from all parts of America and from across the seas to visit him, the sage of Monticello made them welcome to the best he had. No one was content to leave that part of the country without climbing the winding road that lead to the grassy summit of the forest-covered mountain. The view of valley, mountain, and plain, the sight of the wierd "looming" mountain that now seemed a square, now a cylinder, now an inverted cone, would have rewarded one for the time and effort.

The beautiful house and grounds, the gay flower-beds, the well-proportioned mansion with its pillored portico, were worth seeing. The great hall with its curiosities, the bones of the mammoth and splendid trophies from the far west, its good pictures, its statues and busts, would have interested many. The student would have enjoyed looking over that wonderful collection of books that overflowed from the library into almost every room in the house. But all these together would not have satisfied the pilgrims who climbed Monticello

so well as a glimpse of the tall, gray-haired, mild-mannered old man who lived there.

Among the truly welcome of the hundreds that visited Monticello, was the aged La-Fayette. Both because of the love they bore each other and because of all they had thought and done for the cause of democratic government, the meeting was most significant.

Even in his old age Jefferson found opportunities to serve his country. Perhaps his proudest and most satisfying possession was his vast collection of books gathered from all parts of the world, through a long life. There was not to be found anywhere so complete and valuable a mass of information about America. When the Congressional Library was destroyed in the war of 1812, Jefferson generously offered to Congress his own library, and actually sold it for the nominal sum of some twenty-three thousand dollars.

The favorite enterprise of Jefferson's declining years was the establishment of the State University in Virginia. He interested many prominent men, among them his friend

Madison, in the movement, but he was himself ever the heart and soul of it. He made the plans for the beautiful quadrangle of classic buildings, supervised personally their erection, chose the professors, planned a most democratic system of government both for faculty and for students, and was, in very truth, as he called himself, the father of the University of Virginia. This was the crowning work of his rich, full life.

As the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence approached, Jefferson fell ill and was obliged to decline the invitation to take part in the great celebration to be held in Washington. And at noon on that day of national rejoicing, the Fourth of July, 1826, the author of the Declaration of Independence breathed his last.

The staunch champion of that Declaration, John Adams, lay dying on the same day in his northern home. His last words were: "Thomas Jefferson still survives." In some senses may we not truthfully repeat those words to-day?



A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
ANDREW JACKSON



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

THE STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON.

By H. W. ELSON.

I.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF ANDREW JACKSON.

IN 1765, two years after the French and Indian War had closed, a man named Andrew Jackson, with his good wife and two bright little boys named Hugh and Robert, came from the north of Ireland and settled in South Carolina.

They landed at the port of Charleston and made a long journey through the wilderness, one hundred and sixty miles to the northwest.

They came to a settlement, called the Waxhaw Settlement, after a tribe of Indians of that name.

Here Mr. Jackson made his home. He was not a rich man, but had means enough left to purchase a little farm, on which he built a little log-house and began to clear away the forest.

The family rejoiced to have a home of their own though it was a rude one. In his native country Mr. Jackson had been only a tenant,

and his wife had helped support the family by weaving linen.

Now they owned their home and looked forward to a long, happy life.

But their happiness in their forest-home was soon to be ended, and their family life broken up forever. Scarcely had they been two years in their new abode when Mr. Jackson's health gave way; he became ill and soon died.

On the sad day of the funeral Mrs. Jackson's brother-in-law took her and her two little sons to his own home, a short distance away; and here a few days later, on the fifteenth of March, 1767, another child was born into the family.

The new baby was a boy, and his mother named him Andrew, after his dead father.

The home of the Jacksons was in South Carolina, very near the State line; but the house of this relative was just across the line in Union County, North Carolina, and it was here that the future president was born.

Mrs. Jackson was thus left with three little fatherless boys, and for them she must care as best she could; but she was a noble woman,

brave and industrious, and she left nothing undone that she could do for her children.

Hugh and Robert were soon old enough to help earn the living, and with what they could do and what the mother could earn at her spinning-wheel, they managed to live with comfort.

During the long winter evenings the brothers would often sit at their mother's knee and hear her tell of the oppression of the poor in Ireland, of their long voyage across the ocean to their new home in the wilderness, and of their brave and generous father, whom Andrew had never seen.

Mrs. Jackson was a devout Christian, and she desired that one of her sons should become a minister.

Her choice fell upon Andrew, and he was sent to school in a little log meeting-house in a pine forest near their home.

Here he spent a few months each year for several years, while his faithful mother earned enough to pay his expenses by spinning flax. Andrew learned readily, and was soon able to read and write.

He was very fond of sports, especially riding,

hunting, and wrestling, nor was there a boy to be found in all that region so full of courage as he.

II.

JACKSON IN THE REVOLUTION.

WHILE our young hero was attending school the Revolutionary War broke out, and many a brave colonist left his home and dear ones to lay down his life on the battle-field.

But the South was not greatly harassed until near the close of the war. In 1780 the city of Charleston was captured by the British, and Lord Cornwallis passed through the Carolinas and laid waste the country.

In May of that year Colonel Tarleton, one of the most vicious and inhuman of the British raiders, came right through the Waxhaw Settlement, surprised a camp of militia, and killed and wounded more than two hundred.

The old meeting-house was now turned into a hospital, and Mrs. Jackson and her two sons became nurses and did all in their power to care for the wounded.

I say her *two* sons, for there were now but two; the oldest boy Hugh had joined the army some time before, and, after fighting in the battle of Stono, had died of heat and exhaustion.

It was here while caring for the wounded that the heart of Andrew Jackson was fired with a love of his country and a hatred of its foes that burned in his bosom as long as he lived.

Before the summer was over he and his brother Robert took up arms and joined the Patriot army. Andrew was only thirteen years old, but almost as tall as a man and as brave as a lion.

For nearly a year the Patriots and Tories carried on war with each other, and there were many deeds of cruelty.

The Tories did not belong to the English army; they lived in America, but favored the English side and fought against the Patriots.

By and by Cornwallis, hearing that there were so many Patriots at Waxhaw, sent a body of troops to assist the Tories.

Forty of the Patriots, including the two Jack-

son boys, assembled in the old meeting-house to prepare for defence, but a Tory told the troops where they were, and eleven of the forty were captured, the rest escaping, mostly on horseback.

The Jackson brothers both escaped, but in different directions. Andrew had a companion in his flight, Thomas Crawford, his cousin.

The two galloped along at headlong speed, hotly pursued by the British, till they came to a swamp into which they plunged. His cousin was taken captive in the swamp, but Andrew gained the other side and soon left his enemies behind.

Toward evening as he was riding along in the lonely forest he saw some one in the distance, and, on looking carefully, found it to be his brother Robert.

What a happy meeting it must have been, for neither of them knew, before they met, that the other was alive! That night was spent by these two brothers under the bank of a little creek.

When morning came they were almost starved. Leaving their horses they crept slyly

to a farm-house to ask for food, but an enemy saw them and gave the alarm.

The house was soon surrounded by English soldiers and the two brave lads were made prisoners.

I am sorry to have to tell you how these soldiers acted. There was no one in the house but a woman and her little children, besides the two captured boys; but these soldiers, acting more like brutes than men, broke to pieces all the furniture in the house, tore up the bedding and clothing—even the clothing of the baby in the mother's arms.

While this was going on, the brutal officer in command ordered Andrew Jackson to clean his boots. Andrew answered: "Sir, I am a prisoner of war, and claim to be treated as such."

At these words the man drew his sword and struck a terrible blow at the boy's head, but Andrew saved his life by throwing up his hand.

His hand was badly cut, and he also received a severe wound in his head, the scars of which remained to the end of his life.

The officer now turned to Robert and ordered him to clean the boots, but he also refused, when the officer struck him with his sword and made a terrible gash in his head which afterward caused the boy's death.

They were then placed on horses and taken to Camden, forty miles away, and during the long journey they were allowed nothing to eat nor to drink. At Camden they were thrown into prison with about two hundred and fifty other prisoners.

Here they spent several weeks without having their wounds dressed, without beds, and with no food but bad bread.

There was one whose efforts to get the two brothers out of prison never ceased, and that was their loving mother.

At length she succeeded, but when she met her boys she hardly knew them, so haggard and weak they had become. They were in the first stages of small-pox, which had broken out in the prison.

The doctors did not know in those days how to treat this disease as they do now, and many a poor captive died of it in the prison.

The wound in Robert's head had not healed, and when set free he was unable to walk. His mother had two horses there and he was put on one of them, but he could not sit alone and two friends had to hold him during all that journey of forty miles to their home.

The mother rode the other horse, and Andrew walked behind without hat or shoes and at the same time suffering with the small-pox.

It was a long, terrible journey. A rain-storm overtook them on the way and their sufferings were increased. When at last they reached home, they were utterly exhausted, and poor Robert died within two days.

Andrew had a long siege of sickness, and, for a time, lost his mind; but the loving care of a tender mother brought him back to health though it was many months before he had fully recovered.

What a noble woman was Mrs. Jackson! She had lost two sons and almost the third in defence of her country; but she was not one to sit down and say that she had done enough. She could not rest when there was suffering around her.

Hearing that the prisoners in the British ships at Charleston were in great distress, and some of them being her neighbors, she resolved to do what she could.

She left her boy with friends and made the long journey, one hundred and sixty miles, that she might minister to the wants of those in distress.

She truly believed the Saviour's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Andrew Jackson never again saw his mother. She gave her own life, as well as that of her sons, to the cause of her country.

When about to return home she was seized with a fatal fever and soon died. She was buried near the place where she died, and only God knows her burial-place.

Her son Andrew searched for her grave in after years, but he never could find it.

III.

JOURNEY TO THE FAR WEST.

ANDREW JACKSON was thus left without parents or near relatives while still a boy, only fourteen years of age.

But he never forgot his beloved mother and the lessons she had taught him. He loved to speak of her as long as he lived.

Her life was so pure and so unselfish, her character so firm, so lovable, and so kind that her image was forever imprinted on his soul.

Above all did she impress upon his mind a reverence for truth and child-like trust in God.

Many years after, when he had become a great man, he would often quote some homely saying when in the heat of an argument, and then remark: "That I learned from my dear old mother."

What a blessing for a boy to have a good mother. Many a boy who has such a mother does not honor her as he should.

For several years Andrew Jackson remained in the Waxhaw Settlement. He taught school

for two or three years. His education was not what is now required of school-teachers. No doubt many a boy twelve years old now knows more than he did.

When he was eighteen he decided to become a lawyer, and made a long journey to Salisbury, North Carolina. Here he entered the law office of Mr. McCay, one of the leading lawyers of the State, and remained with him for two years.

In 1788 there was a party leaving North Carolina for the far west, as it was called—that is, for Tennessee. The land west of the Mississippi River did not then belong to the United States. Tennessee was not then a State. It belonged to North Carolina and was called Washington County.

Mr. Jackson, who was now a lawyer, twenty-one years old, resolved to go with them. The journey was a long one through hundreds of miles of dense forest and over rugged mountains.

There were many wild animals and savage Indians in the way; but the men were strong and brave and they reached Nashville

in October. Nashville is now a beautiful city; then it was a small village of log-cabins.

As soon as Mr. Jackson reached Nashville, he became public prosecutor—that is, the lawyer who brings criminals to justice.

Before he came there was no one there who had the courage to do this. Many of the men in the country refused to pay their debts, and when asked to do so they were insulted and wanted to fight.

They often fought with pistol or knife. But Andrew Jackson was a hero, and when sent to arrest them, if they wished to fight him, he was always ready for them.

He loved justice and right, and the law-breakers soon came to fear and hate him. Many a time his life was in danger from these men, but he always came out ahead in the end.

One day a gang of ruffians, who had long defied the law, were arrested by Mr. Jackson.

When they came into the court they became insolent and defiant and refused to be tried. Jackson instantly drew his pistols and called upon the good citizens to assist him.

When the ruffians saw what kind of a man

they had to deal with they were awed and made no further trouble. They were then tried and punished according to law.

IV.

WILD LIFE IN TENNESSEE.

TENNESSEE was a wild country one hundred years ago when Andrew Jackson first went there. It was like some of the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains at present.

Many of the people were as rough and ignorant as any of the cow-boys of our western prairies.

Hostile Indians swarmed all around the settlers, and scarcely a week passed without some one being killed by them. Women and children never went away from home alone. The men all carried guns.

If two men stopped in the road to talk, they would stand, each with his back to the other, one looking each way with rifle in hand ready for use.

No one dared stoop to drink from a spring without having a comrade on guard. Boys and

girls could not go out berrying without the attendance of armed men.

One dark, lonely night Mr. Jackson was riding through the woods alone in the heart of the Indian country.

The rain had fallen for some hours, and he came to a stream that he could not ford. He did not dare to light a fire, lest the Indians should see it, nor even to let his horse move about to browse.

So he took off the saddle, put it at the root of a tree, and sat upon it all night, holding the bridle in one hand and his rifle in the other.

Thus he sat in silence, and when morning dawned he mounted his horse and soon reached his home.

At another time he travelled through the forest for sixty hours without sleeping, the Indians being on his trail. Then he wrapped himself in his blanket, lay down on the ground, and soon fell asleep.

It was midwinter, and when he awoke in the morning he found that six inches of snow had fallen on him. But the Indians had lost his track and he escaped.

Besides the Indians there were many white men who would defy the law and do as they pleased. A new country always attracts persons of this kind. There were many deeds of violence.

Not only the law-breakers but the farmers and everybody were quick to resent an insult, and it was a common thing to see men or boys fighting.

When two men got into a quarrel they would often settle the matter on the spot with pistol and knife, and sometimes one or both were killed.

Any one living in such a country very long is almost sure to become like the rest of the people; and so it was with Andrew Jackson.

He lived many years in this wild, half-civilized country, and we find him as ready as anyone to engage in a fight.

There was very little money in Tennessee at this time, and the people had to use other things instead of money. They used sugar and the skins of animals and different kinds of liquors for money.

For example, a coon-skin or fox-skin was worth a half-gallon of whiskey or twelve pounds of sugar. Three coon-skins equalled a gallon of peach brandy, and four gallons of peach brandy were worth an otter-skin. The otter-skin was the most valuable piece of money they had.

When large sums of money were to be paid, the soft money—that is, the liquor, was conveyed in large jugs, and the hard money, the skins, in wooden boxes.

To save the trouble of opening the box to count the money every time it changed hands the tail of each skin was left sticking out of a small opening for the purpose.

But sometimes a dishonest person would fill his box with coon-skins with otter's-tails tacked on them and thus deceive the unwary.

One of the worst features of social life a hundred years ago was duel fighting. When a man felt himself insulted by another, he would challenge him to fight a duel.

Then they would meet on the field of honor, as they called it, stand some distance apart, and fire at each other with pistols. Sometimes

they would use knives or swords. It often happened that one or both were killed or disabled.

If a man refused to fight a duel, or did not send a challenge when insulted, he was called a coward, and was looked down upon by the people. Many took pride in the number of duels they had fought.

There was more duelling in a new settlement like Tennessee than elsewhere, but the practice existed in all the States. It had been introduced from Europe.

It was by duelling that Alexander Hamilton, Stephen Decatur, Senator Broderic, and hundreds of others lost their lives. Andrew Jackson fought several duels, and at various times narrowly escaped being killed.

With all his courage he had not the moral courage to defy public opinion and refuse to fight a duel. Happily this barbarous practice has almost entirely died out.

V.

JACKSON IN CONGRESS.

IN 1796 Tennessee became a State. At the close of the Revolutionary War there were but thirteen States in the Union. The first to be admitted after this was Vermont. Kentucky came next. This made fifteen; now Tennessee becomes the sixteenth State.

Before a territory becomes a State the people elect men to meet and frame a constitution—that is, a writing which is to be the basis of the laws.

Andrew Jackson was one of the men elected to make the Constitution of Tennessee. When this was done and the State was admitted into the Union, the people elected Mr. Jackson to Congress.

Congress is composed of two houses, first, the Senate, or Upper House, and second, the House of Representatives, or Lower House. It was the Lower House to which Jackson was elected.

He now had a long journey to make, nearly

eight hundred miles, to Philadelphia, where Congress then met. It was not until the year 1800 that Congress met in Washington City.

There were no railroads in those days, and Jackson had to make this journey on horse-back. It took about six weeks.

As he crossed the mountains his mind must have gone back to the time, eight years before, when he had crossed the same mountains, seeking his fortune in the far western country.

He reached Philadelphia in December just in time to hear President Washington make his last speech to Congress. It was the custom then for the President to speak sometimes before Congress, but he never does so now.

This was Jackson's first appearance in a great city. He must have looked like a true backwoodsman. He was described as a tall, lank, uncouth-looking person with long hair done up in a cue and tied at the back with an eel-skin.

The only important thing that Jackson did in this Congress was to secure payment to the people of Tennessee for an expedition against the Indians three years before.

The Indians had become so hostile that the people could not wait for orders from the government, so they took their guns and drove the Indians back. Now they asked that the government pay them for this, as it did in other territories.

Some were opposed to doing this; but Jackson stuck to it and won his case. The government paid nearly twenty-three thousand dollars to the Tennessee Indian fighters.

At the end of this session of Congress Jackson went back to his home. Soon after this there was a vacancy from his State in the Senate, and he was appointed to fill it.

So the next year, 1797, when he went back to Philadelphia, he was a United States Senator. But Senator Jackson did not like the business of law-making, and he resigned from the Senate within a year, returned to Tennessee, and became a private citizen.

VI.

JACKSON BECOMES A JUDGE.

SOON after Jackson had left the Senate he became a store-keeper. He would purchase goods in Philadelphia and send them to Pittsburg in wagons, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles; from there they were sent down the Ohio River in flat-boats, and thence carried on pack-horses, through the wilderness, to Nashville.

This was certainly keeping store under difficulties, and we can imagine that the store was not a very extensive one.

But Jackson was not left long in private life. He was elected to a seat in the Supreme Court of the State. He did not desire to be a judge, but he had always said that a citizen should not seek nor decline public duty. He therefore accepted because he felt it his duty to do so.

He held the office several years, when he resigned. During this time he had to travel over the State and hold court in different towns,

and many were his thrilling adventures among those half-civilized people.

The criminals and ruffians hated the judge, because they knew it was his business to deal justice and to punish them when they deserved it.

A judge had to be a man of iron nerve, or the ruffians would intimidate him. Jackson was just such a man. When he was angry his eyes shone like fire and no criminal could stand before him. He loved justice and despised crime and the oppression of the poor.

One of the most thrilling incidents in his life was at the trial of a criminal named Russell Bean. Bean was a very bad man ; he would commit almost any brutal crime; he even cut off a baby's ears to spite its mother.

One day a warrant was issued for his arrest. Jackson was in the court room ready to give him a trial, but Bean refused to be arrested and defied the sheriff.

As he was armed with pistol and knife, the sheriff was afraid of him. The sheriff came in and told Jackson that the man sat on his horse

with drawn pistol and swore he would shoot anyone that came near him.

"Then summon a posse," cried Jackson.

The sheriff went out again, but soon returned and told Jackson that the men were all afraid to lay hands on the man.

"Then summon me," roared Jackson. The anger of Judge Jackson was now at its highest pitch; he leaped from the bench, ran out to where the desperado, Bean, was blustering and threatening, pointed his pistol at his head, and ordered him to surrender. Bean's nerve failed him; he dropped his pistol and said:

"There's no use, Jedge, I give in."

He was then brought before the court and punished. He afterward said that no man could stand before the flashing eye of Judge Jackson.

One of the stories told of Jackson while he was judge is quite amusing, and shows how cool he was at a critical moment. He was riding along a lonely road in his gig when he met a ruffian who had been punished in court by him years before.

The man now thought he would have some

fun with the one who had sentenced him to punishment. He drew his pistol and ordered Jackson to dismount. Jackson coolly got out of the gig.

"Now, dance for your life," said the man.

"How can I dance with these heavy boots on," answered Jackson, "let me get my slippers."

"All right," said the man, and Jackson quietly went to his valise. But instead of the slippers, he drew his pistol, whirled upon the man, and pointed it to his head. The man was so taken back that he lost his aim at the judge and stood trembling before him.

"Drop that pistol," shouted Jackson, and he dropped it.

"Now, dance," demanded Jackson, and the ruffian began to dance, Jackson pointing his pistol at him all the time. When the man had danced a long time and began to slacken his efforts from fatigue, Jackson said, "Keep on dancing."

So he made him dance till he could stand up no longer and fell helpless to the ground, and Jackson drove off.

I shall close this chapter by relating one other incident, showing how faithful Jackson was to a friend. A large crowd had met at a place called Clover Bottom for the annual horse-races.

The landlord of the tavern set a long table in the open air and hundreds of men gathered around it. Indeed the crowd was so dense on both sides of the table that no one could get through it.

Judge Jackson was at the head of the table and a friend of his named Patten Anderson was at the other end, several rods away. Anderson had enemies there who created a disturbance, drew their pistols, and were about to shoot him.

Jackson saw the great danger of his friend, but the crowd was such that he could not get to him. What could he do?

Well, if ever there was a man who could always find a way to do what he wanted to do, it was Andrew Jackson. He leaped from his seat, sprang upon the table, and ran among the dishes the whole length of the table, shouting, "I'm coming, Patten."

As he ran he put his hand into his back coat pocket as if for a pistol, but he had no pistol. He had, instead, an old steel tobacco-box with a stiff spring, which made a click similar to that of a pistol. This he drew out and snapped.

The men thinking this a pistol, and seeing the terrible flash in Jackson's eye, instantly dispersed, and Anderson was saved.

VII.

OLD HICKORY.

THE store and farm of Judge Jackson were so neglected by his being away from home a large part of each year that he decided to resign the judgeship and take personal charge of his affairs at home.

This he did in 1804. His finances had also suffered greatly through the failure of a man in Philadelphia whose notes Jackson held. By this failure he lost about seven thousand dollars, and to meet it he was forced to sell a large tract of land.

Jackson owned at one time more than twenty-five thousand acres of land, but it was not cultivated; its value therefore was not very great. A large part of this now had to be sold to pay his debts.

He then moved, with his wife, to a large farm not far from Nashville, and this became their permanent home. On this farm Jackson built in later years a fine house and named it The Hermitage.

This house is still standing and is looked upon as the most interesting place in Tennessee.

Before Jackson had been sent to Congress he was married to Mrs. Rachel Robards. Their married life was a long and happy one. Jackson thought his wife the best woman in the world, and was fondly devoted to her as long as she lived.

From the time that Jackson ceased to be a judge till the War of 1812 began, he lived the quiet life of a planter and store-keeper. There was little in his life during this period that would interest the reader.

But his experience during the war is highly interesting to every American. He had been

chosen some years before as the leader of the Tennessee militia.

The militia of a State are the men who are drilled and practised for warfare, though they do not belong to the regular army.

Volunteers are men who offer to fight for their country in time of war, though they do not belong to the militia.

Early in the summer of 1812, only a few days after war was declared, General Jackson offered to raise a body of troops and lead them into the field.

His offer was accepted, and in a few months he had over two thousand volunteers ready for service. He was ordered to lead them down the Mississippi River, as it was supposed there would soon be an enemy in that part of the country.

After a long journey down the river they came to the town of Natchez in February. Here they stopped and went into camp. They drilled for many weeks and prepared for a campaign, but no enemy appeared.

At length, late in the spring, the general received a letter from the Secretary of War. It

was very brief and very discouraging. It simply stated that there was no further need of the troops under Jackson, and ordered him to dismiss them at once and turn over their arms to another general, then commanding at New Orleans.

General Jackson was very indignant when he received this letter. He said it was cruel and outrageous to lead men five hundred miles from their homes and then turn them out to find their way back through the wilderness, without money, without arms, without food.

Many of them were young men, and he had promised their parents that he would be a father to them and bring them back to their homes, if in his power.

And, besides, one hundred and fifty of them were sick, and fifty-six of them could not lift their heads from the pillow. What a strange thing it would have been to turn these out without protection!

But General Jackson made up his mind that he would not obey this order of the Secretary of War. He said he would march the men back to Tennessee, if he had to pay the ex-

penses himself. And so they started in a few days.

The sick were put on the few wagons and horses which they had; the rest walked. The general had three good horses of his own; but he gave them all to the sick, while he walked with the others. Jackson was a good walker and bore the trip well, though he was not a strong, hearty man.

One day as they were jogging along some one said, "The general is tough;" another said, "As tough as hickory." From this he soon came to be called "Old Hickory," a name he retained as long as he lived.

The army reached their homes after marching about a month. The sick men had recovered on the way, and they were all glad to meet their friends again. The government afterward bore the expense of the trip and thus saved General Jackson from financial ruin.

VIII.

FIGHTING INDIANS.

GENERAL JACKSON was very popular in Tennessee after returning with his army from down the river. The people liked the way he had treated the soldiers, and his praises were sounded on every side.

Now it happened that the Creek Indians became involved in the War of 1812. They were led to fight against the Americans by a noted Indian chief from the north named Tecumseh, who was a friend to England.

It was very wrong for the Creeks to fight on the British side, for they were, at that time, receiving a pension from the United States.

One of the first acts of these Indians was to commit a horrible crime—the massacre of Fort Mims. This occurred in August, 1813. The fort was in the southern part of Alabama, was built of wood, and covered about an acre of ground.

When the white people of the neighborhood heard the Indians were hostile they gathered

here, men, women, and children, until there were about five hundred in the fort.

One day a thousand Indian warriors, hideous with war-paint, rushed upon the fort and murdered the people, women and children as well as men, until only a few were left!

The news spread through Tennessee, and the wildest excitement prevailed. What could be done? The people felt that the murder should be avenged and their own homes protected.

"Raise an army and march into the Indian country," was the cry throughout Tennessee. Who would lead the army? Jackson was their general; but he had been engaged in a street-fight, and his left arm was terribly shattered with a pistol-ball.

He had not been out of bed for some weeks, and no one thought he would be able to lead them. But as soon as he heard what was going on, he got up and said he was ready to go. He was a man of wonderful nerve and courage.

His arm had not yet healed, but within a few days he was on his horse marching with an army into the Indian country. His left

arm was in a sling and he had to be lifted on and off his horse.

The army marched into the Indian country a hundred miles or more and encamped at a place called Fort Strother. Here the general learned that the Indians were encamped at a place called Talladega, about thirty miles away.

He now hastened with his army to the place, covering nearly the whole distance in one night. Next morning he met the Indians, and the battle of Talladega was fought.

The Indians were put to flight in a short time and Jackson returned to his camp.

But there was one serious trouble with which he had to contend and that was a want of provisions for his soldiers. There being no railroads, it was not easy to get supplies to the army and they had to wait for several weeks with almost nothing to eat.

The result was that the men grew restless and wanted to go home. Jackson pleaded with them to stay with him until the Creeks were subdued, and at times he would have half the army watch the other half to keep them from going.

At last the men vowed they would go home, even after supplies had reached them, and began to move off in a body.

Jackson's old fighting spirit now arose. He rode in front of the moving column, laid his gun across his horse's neck with his right hand, his left still being in a sling, and said he would shoot the first man that made another step.

Not a man stirred for some minutes. At length they gave it up and agreed to return to their duty. It was afterward found that the musket that Jackson had at the time was too much out of order to be discharged.

IX.

MORE INDIAN FIGHTING.

THE troops now under Jackson were so discontented that he thought it unwise to force them to stay longer. They were not regular soldiers, had never been in war before, and soon grew tired of it.

They had won an important victory and now longed to go back to their farm and their

families. So General Jackson let them go, but his ranks were soon filled by others sent to take their places.

This second army was much better than the first, and reached the number of five thousand men. It was several weeks before they could get ready for a final campaign against the enemy, and the spring was now at hand.

There is a bend in the Tallapoosa River about midway between its source and its mouth. The curve is so sharp that it forms a small peninsula containing a hundred acres of land, and this is called the Horseshoe, because its shape is that of a horseshoe.

This peninsula was a wild, rough piece of ground covered with timber. The Indians, thinking this a good place to encamp and to fortify themselves against the Americans, had gathered here to the number of twelve hundred.

Jackson, hearing of their encampment at Horseshoe, hastened to meet them. He reached the place the last part of March, 1814. Now occurred one of the bloodiest battles ever fought with the Indians on American soil.

Jackson placed his men in different points around the peninsula and began the attack.

The battle raged all day. When night came nearly nine hundred Indians lay dead upon the field or at the bottom of the river. The rest had escaped into the wilderness. The loss on the American side was about one-fifth that of the Indians.

The power of the Creek Indians was now entirely broken. Not long after this battle they began to come to Jackson and sue for peace. Jackson offered to spare all who would lay down their arms and promise to let the white settlers alone in future.

Most of them did this. But there was one Indian chief whom Jackson said they must bring to him for punishment, and that was Weatherford who had led the massacre at Fort Mims.

One day when Jackson was sitting in his tent a big Indian chief with his paint and feathers walked in and said, "I am Weatherford. I have come to ask peace for my people."

Jackson was surprised at his coming and

said: "I had directed that you be brought to me bound; had you so appeared, I should have known how to treat you."

"I am in your power," answered the Indian; "do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. If I had an army, I would yet fight them; but I have none. My people are all gone."

"My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega and The Horseshoe. Do with me what you will. You are a brave man; I rely on your generosity. I ask not for myself, but for my people."

Jackson had intended to put Weatherford to death for what he had done at Fort Mims, but after hearing this eloquent speech from so brave a man, he could not do it.

Weatherford promised to do all in his power toward keeping the peace in future, and was suffered to depart. He kept his word, and the Indian war was over.

I shall now close this story of Indian fighting by relating a touching little incident.

Besides the battles of Talladega and The

Horseshoe, which we have noticed, there were several other smaller battles fought during this campaign.

Sometimes the Indians had with them their women and children during a battle, and some of them were sure to be killed, as well as the men; though the Americans did not kill them if they could help it.

After one of these battles a little Indian baby boy was brought into the American camp. Its mother had been killed, and the living child was found in the dead mother's arms. An Indian baby is called a papoose.

General Jackson took this little papoose into his tent where it was fed on water mixed with sugar. He then sent it away to be nursed at his expense; and when the campaign was over he took it to his own home.

Mrs. Jackson received the little fellow very kindly. The boy grew up in their home till he became a man and was treated by the general and his wife almost as a son.

X.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

A MAJOR-GENERAL in the army is one grade below a lieutenant-general and one grade above a brigadier-general.

Andrew Jackson had been simply the commander of the Tennessee forces; but after his success among the Indians he was made a major-general in the army of the United States.

Major-General William Henry Harrison, who afterward became President of the United States, resigned from the army in 1814, and Jackson was appointed to take his place.

He was now a regular officer of the Union, and the duty of defending the southern part of the country was assigned to him. The great work before him was to defend the lower Mississippi valley; but before going down the river he made a short vigorous campaign into Florida.

First he drove a small British fleet out of Mobile Bay, destroying one of the ships; then he made a hurried march across the country

to Pensacola and took possession of the place driving away the enemy.

The rumor was spread throughout the South that a large English fleet had set sail for the mouth of the Mississippi.

General Jackson therefore hastened with his troops to New Orleans, and arrived about the first of December, 1814.

The city was ill prepared for defense. The people knew of the impending danger. The citizens had met to consult about it, but they could agree on nothing. At length the news was spread that Jackson had arrived, and there was magic in the news.

A leader had been greatly needed, and here was now a leader who was born to command. He had been but a few hours in the city when the plan of defense was fully decided upon, and hope was seen to beam in every countenance.

Some days were now taken by the general in viewing the various approaches to the city.

It was soon found that the fears of the people were well grounded. A large British fleet had landed. It consisted of fifty ships, carrying

twenty thousand soldiers and a thousand heavy guns.

It was commanded by Sir Edward Pakcnham, a brave and successful soldier, and brother-in-law of the duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo.

Against this force Jackson had less than four thousand men, and many of them were badly armed. Many had never been in a battle.

General Jackson was himself in poor health. The long exposure in the Indian country and the long horseback rides through the wilderness had greatly injured his health.

When he reached New Orleans, he was scarcely able to sit on his horse. But the power of his will was wonderful; and now for weeks he was active day and night preparing to save the city.

The British army was slowly making its way up the river on the eastern bank toward the city. As soon as Jackson knew of their approach he decided to attack them.

This he did on the night of December 23; and the battle raged in the darkness for several hours. But neither side won a victory.

On the next day, just one day before Christmas, a treaty of peace was signed between England and the United States, at the little town of Ghent in Belgium.

But there was no Atlantic cable then, and the news of the peace was not heard in America for several weeks; so the preparations for battle were continued.

General Jackson saw that the only way to save the city was to throw up an embankment and have his men fight from behind it.

He therefore put them to work, and for nearly three weeks the soldiers worked like beavers day and night with spade and shovel and wheelbarrow.

It would remind one of bees building a honey-comb, or a colony of ants making an ant-hill.

During this time the British made two or three assaults on the American line, but were driven back each time. The loss of men reached several hundred on each side. In one of these attacks General Jackson was in a large wooden house back of his army.

The English, knowing this, directed their fire

toward it, and the house was struck by a hundred cannon balls in ten minutes, but the general was not hurt.

General Pakenham was ready for a grand assault. By the evening of the seventh of January there was a feeling on both sides that an awful battle was about to take place.

And so there was—one of the most terrible this Western World had ever seen—but that will be given in the next chapter.

XI.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

WAR is a dreadful thing at best. It sweeps over a land and leaves a frightful trail—suffering and woe, widows and orphans! The shouts of victory are mingled with the wails of the dying; the songs of triumph with the groans of the fallen foe.

But with all its horrors, war will sometimes come and we cannot help it. At such times it is the part of one who loves his country to

fight for its honor with his heart brave and unfaltering.

Such were the men who fought under Jackson at the battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815.

General Jackson and his soldiers felt it their solemn duty to repel the English invaders of our land, and now the supreme moment had come.

The general remembered how, thirty-five years before when only a boy, he had been captured by the English in the Revolutionary War, and a cruel officer had struck him with a sword, leaving a scar that he still bore.

He remembered how that war had deprived him of his loving mother and his two brothers; and perhaps these memories made him the more anxious now to inflict a terrible blow upon the enemy.

He arose on this day at one o'clock in the morning and rode along his lines, rousing his men to their places of duty.

Within a few hours everything was in readiness—the cannon mounted, and every man at his place.

Great was the activity also in the British camp. No soldiers are braver than the English soldiers, and they certainly proved it on that fatal day. At the first break of day they were marching in solid columns toward the American lines.

Then at the signal of a skyrocket they opened fire, and the awful work of the day was begun. The aim of the British was to storm and capture the American works.

A large body of troops, led by General Gibbs, marched boldly toward the works. The Americans held their peace till the British came within a few hundred yards.

Then they opened a terrific fire, and mowed them down like grass before the reaper's scythe.

The boom of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry made a noise at once terrible and magnificent.

The top of the American breastwork, nearly a mile in length, was one unbroken line of fire.

In a few minutes the British troops began to falter and break away, leaving hundreds dead on the field. General Gibbs rode in front and

tried to rally them, but they refused to rush to certain death.

At that moment General Pakenham rode to the front and cried, "For shame! recollect that you are British soldiers."

At length they rallied and again faced the awful fire from the American works. The slaughter was now more dreadful than before. The musketeers swept them down like chaff before the wind.

A cannon was loaded to the muzzle with musket balls and scraps of iron, and fired right into the head of the column. It mowed a wide swath from one end to the other, cutting down two hundred men!

Pakenham's horse was shot, and he leaped upon another. His right arm was now shattered by a musket ball and fell helpless to his side; but he kept on cheering his men as if he did not notice it.

A few minutes later he was pierced through the body by two balls, and his second horse killed at the same instant. They fell together.

Friendly hands caught the falling general and bore him to a place of safety in the rear;

but when they reached there, the heroic commander was dead. General Gibbs was also killed, and General Lambert became the English commander.

The Americans were so secure behind their works that they could fight in safety.

Twenty-five minutes after the first terrible fire had begun, the British fled to a safe distance and the main part of the battle was over. What an awful day it was to that English army!

During the conflict General Jackson walked along his lines, cheering his men and urging them to do their best. The victory was complete, and the city was saved.

The British loss on that day in killed, wounded, and prisoners, was two thousand six hundred; the American loss was not over twenty-one men!

Ten days later General Lambert led the remainder of his army silently back to their ships by night, and they were seen no more on the shores of Louisiana.

XII.

ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE.

THE great battle of January 8, 1815, was fought on the east bank of the Mississippi, about six miles below New Orleans.

Next to General Jackson the one who deserved most credit for the victory was General Coffee, who had been with Jackson all through the Indian campaign.

While this battle was going on there was another being fought on the west side of the river. Only a few hundred men were here engaged.

The result was a victory for the English, who drove the Americans from their position; but General Lambert decided not to attempt to hold the ground they had won, and he ordered the men back to the main army.

Let me here relate a few little incidents of the battle.

When the British first landed from their ships some miles below the city, they took as prisoners all who lived in that neighborhood,

so that none could inform General Jackson that they had made a landing.

Their object was to surprise the city and capture it, if possible, without much fighting. Among the prisoners was a young creole, Major Villere, who determined to escape, if he could, and give the alarm in the city.

He was confined in a house guarded by armed men; but he escaped through a window, ran across the yard filled with redcoats, leaped over a high hedge fence, and made for the forest with all speed.

"Catch him, or kill him," cried the colonel.

About fifty men started in pursuit. After a long race through the woods, he found that they were gaining on him, and decided to climb a tree.

At that moment he heard a whining at his feet and looked down, and behold! his favorite setter. The faithful dog had followed its master and now crouched at his feet.

What could be done? If the dog remained there, he would be discovered. There was but one thing to do—kill the dog. Now he did what he often related in after years with tears

in his eyes. He slew the noble dog with a club, hid its body, and climbed the tree.

The fate of the city was at stake, and he could not do otherwise. The soldiers came on, passed by under the tree, and were soon gone.

When their voices died out in the distance, he came down, made his way across the river, and reached the city about one o'clock the next afternoon.

He soon found General Jackson, and informed him that the British had landed and were encamped but eight miles below.

He had made a narrow escape, lost his faithful dog, but had saved New Orleans from a surprise by the enemy.

During the battle a few Englishmen would now and then reach the American works and climb upon the rampart; but they were instantly shot down. Only one man, Lieutenant Lavack, reached the summit unhurt, and he was made a prisoner.

One Major Wilkinson reached the top and there fell mortally wounded. The Americans, seeing that he was not dead, ceased firing and

carried him to the rear. Some one said, "Bear up, my dear fellow; you are a brave man."

The wounded man answered in a weak, faint voice, "From my heart I thank you; it is all over with me. You can do me a favor; tell my commander that I fell on your rampart and died like a soldier."

One of the most touching incidents of the battle was the following: A boy fourteen years old was a bugler, that is, one who blows the bugle to cheer the soldiers.

This boy climbed a small tree in the thickest of the battle, sat astride a limb, and blew his horn during the whole time.

The cannon balls and bullets plowed the ground around him, killed scores of men, and even tore the branches of the tree; but still he sat blowing with all his might.

The blast of his horn could be heard above the roaring of the battle. When all was over and the British had fled, some Americans, walking over the ground, found the brave lad still in the tree.

He had not even been wounded. He was taken to the American camp where many

gathered around to show him kindness, some even embracing the gallant little soldier.

The people of New Orleans were exultant with joy at the success of the American arms and the salvation of the city. General Jackson found himself exceedingly popular.

As the army returned to the city, hundreds of people went out to meet them. A triumphal arch was erected in the public square.

A solemn public service was held in the cathedral to give thanks to God for their deliverance.

General Jackson was now forty-eight years old. From this time his fame was world-wide. When he returned to Tennessee late in the spring, he was met with the most enthusiastic welcome.

Some months later the President summoned him to Washington. His journey thither was one continued ovation. At Lynchburg, Virginia, a great meeting was held in his honor, and the aged ex-President Jefferson was present. To the end of Jackson's life his fame never abated.

This battle of New Orleans, nearly eighty

years ago, was the last battle fought between America and England. Let us hope and pray that there will never be another.

XIII.

GENERAL JACKSON BECOMES PRESIDENT.

FOR several years after the War of 1812 Andrew Jackson led the quiet life of a planter.

As this little book must not be too long I have omitted to tell of the long wait Jackson and his army had in New Orleans for the coming of the news of peace, and of the trouble he had in that city with a judge of the United States court.

I shall also leave out an account of the Seminole War of 1818, since it was very similar to the Indian fighting that has been related.

Let us go on to the presidential campaign of 1824.

James Monroe, who had succeeded Mr. Madison as president, was now serving his

second term. The question on all sides was, Who will be the next president?

Four candidates were early in the field, John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and William H. Crawford of Georgia.

These three were all in Mr. Monroe's cabinet. The fourth candidate was Henry Clay of Kentucky, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

These were all strong men, and each had a good following. Before the election a fifth candidate entered the field, and that was Andrew Jackson.

He was nominated by the Legislature of Tennessee, and in a short time he became the most popular of all. Mr. Calhoun soon dropped out of the race and became the candidate for the vice-presidency.

When the election came, Calhoun was elected vice-president; but there was no election of president, as no one had received the majority of the Electoral College.

Jackson received the highest number of votes, ninety-nine. Adams came next with

eighty-four, while Crawford received forty-one and Clay thirty-seven.

Now the Constitution of the United States provides that when there is no election of president by the people, the election must go to the House of Representatives.

This was the second and last time thus far that the House had to elect a president, the first being in 1801 when Jefferson was elected for the first time.

The house voted on February the ninth and Adams was elected. Soon after the election Adams chose Henry Clay Secretary of State.

Then Jackson and his friends raised the cry that there had been a corrupt bargain between Adams and Clay; that is, that Adams had offered to make Clay secretary, if Clay would help make him president.

There is no proof that such a bargain had ever been made, but Jackson believed it and was free to say so.

Not long after the inauguration of Adams, Jackson's friends again nominated him for president, and the subject was kept before the people for nearly four years.

Jackson resigned his seat in the United States Senate to which he had been elected, and gave his attention to the canvass. When the next election came near, everything was done to make Jackson a winning candidate.

In January, 1828, he attended an immense celebration at New Orleans, in honor of his victory of 1815. It lasted four days, and was attended by a vast crowd of people from all parts of the Union.

The campaign that followed that year was a bitter one. Mr. Adams was a candidate for re-election. Both parties seemed to forget their courtesy. They stooped to every kind of personal abuse. The sooner such a practice in our politics can be gotten rid of the better.

At the election Jackson won a great victory. He received one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes to Adams's eighty-three.

Andrew Jackson was now elected president of the United States; but before taking his seat there came upon him the greatest sorrow of his life. His beloved wife died in December, a few weeks after the election.

The general was greatly devoted to his wife,

and it is said that he never recovered from the shock. It was said that he looked twenty years older in a night. Scarcely was the funeral over, when he had to begin his long journey to Washington.

The fourth of March was a beautiful day, and the crowd was vast. The people had come from every point of the compass to see the "people's man" made president.

Jackson was the first of our presidents to rise from the lower strata of society. All the presidents before him had come from rich and aristocratic families.

Jackson rose from the ranks of the poor and the unknown, and the people loved him the more for that. The inauguration over, they proceeded to the White House where a grand public reception was held.

Here the people tramped over the fine Brussels carpets, stood on the upholstered furniture, and in their crowding smashed a fine, costly chandelier.

Did Jackson get angry at their carelessness? Oh, no! He simply said, "Let the boys have a good time once in four years."

XIV.

JACKSON AS PRESIDENT.

EIGHT of our presidents thus far have been elected for a second term. Jackson was one of these; he was president from March, 1829, to March, 1837.

During this period there were many very important subjects before the country; but as this little volume is intended for young readers, I shall not discuss in it those great political questions.

Let us simply refer to a few of the most important movements without going too deeply into the subject.

One of the first things Jackson did, on becoming president, was to dismiss a great many office-holders and to put his friends in their places. These officers, post-masters, revenue collectors, and the like, are appointed by the president and are called civil service officers.

The presidents before Jackson appointed civil service officials because of their fitness, not because they were personal friends, or belonged to the same political party.

But Jackson turned these out by the hundred, and put in his friends and members of his own party. This is a very bad practice. It leads men to work for their party, not for the sake of good government, but because they expect to be rewarded with an office.

President Jackson does not deserve our thanks for introducing this custom, which is still with us to some extent. But in the last few years there has been an earnest endeavor to introduce Civil Service Reform, that is, to get back to the old custom of the first presidents.

Perhaps the best thing that Jackson did for his country while president was to crush Nullification in South Carolina. You may wonder what that big word "nullification" means.

To nullify means to make null and of no effect. South Carolina did not like the tariff of 1828, and decided to nullify it, to prevent it from taking effect in that State.

A tariff is a duty, a tax on goods sold in this country from foreign countries. It has two objects: first, to raise money by this tax to carry on the government.

This is called Revenue. Second, to protect home industries ; to prevent the foreigner, by taxing his goods, from underselling our own people. For if his goods are taxed, he must charge so much the more for them to make it up. This is called Protection.

South Carolina did not want protection, as her people did not manufacture goods. They desired a low tariff, so that they could purchase foreign products at a low price. So South Carolina decided not to be bound by this tariff, nor permit its enforcement in that State. This was nullification.

General Jackson took very strong ground against South Carolina. His old war spirit arose, and he determined to send an army into the State and enforce obedience. When the people of the State saw that he was in earnest, they receded from their position and thus the whole matter was settled.

This took place in 1832—just a hundred years after the birth of George Washington and the settlement of Georgia.

Let us notice one other event of Jackson's administration—his dealing with the United

States Bank. The United States Bank was a very large concern with a capital of thirty-five million dollars. It had been chartered by Congress for twenty years, and had control of nearly all the money of the country.

Now President Jackson was not a friend of this bank. He believed that so great a bank, with such power over the people's money, was likely to become corrupt, and to carry the elections by a wrong use of the money.

When therefore a bill to re-charter the bank was passed in Congress, Jackson vetoed the bill. A president vetoes a bill when he refuses to sign it and gives his reasons for it.

Jackson further determined to weaken the bank by removing the money of the Treasury from it. When he did this, it caused a great deal of excitement throughout the country.

Many people thought the bank was a good thing, and they feared that any disturbance of the business of the bank would disturb all sorts of business over the country, and perhaps bring on a panic.

Thousands of people begged Jackson to replace the money in the bank, but nothing could

move him. The final result was that the bank was destroyed.

From that time to the present the surplus money of the government has been kept in an independent treasury, often called the Sub-Treasury.

When Jackson's second term drew to a close, he determined to retire to private life, though there is little doubt that he could have been elected a third time, had he so desired.

We have had only two presidents, perhaps, who could have been elected to a third term, and they were Washington and Jackson.

XV.

JACKSON'S OLD AGE.

LET us notice very briefly the closing years of the active life of Andrew Jackson. When he retired to the Hermitage in Tennessee, he was seventy years old and very infirm in health.

He had saved but little of his salary and his farm had not been well kept. He soon became

interested in the farm, his health improved and he lived eight years in retirement, dying at the age of seventy-eight.

Perhaps no public man in America has had firmer friends and bitterer enemies than Andrew Jackson.

That he had serious faults no one can deny. He had a violent temper and he often failed to control it; or rather he did not seem to try to control it. He loved to reward his friends and to punish his enemies.

But far more can be said of Jackson's virtues than his faults. He was an honest man and loved his country. No one could ever accuse him of selfish ambition. He often used rough language, as did most men from the frontier; but he was very courteous and chivalrous to ladies.

Many a one was astonished to find him so genteel and cultured in society. On one occasion a fashionable lady from London called on Jackson. She afterward remarked, "Your republican president is the royal model of a gentleman."

Jackson's social life was as pure as snow.

He had a deeply religious spirit. It is true he did not join the church until near the close of his life; but his letters and speeches often refer to Divine Providence, and show that he had a devout nature.

He said near the close of his life that he had read three chapters in the Bible daily for thirty-five years.

In 1842 he became a member of the Presbyterian Church. During the remaining three years of his life he spent most of his leisure time reading the Bible and his hymn-book, and had prayers every night with his family.

At length Jackson's great changeful life drew to a close. His suffering had been intense for many months, but not a word of complaint ever escaped his lips.

How can we more fittingly close this narrative than by quoting some of his last words? The end came on the eighth of June, 1845.

On the morning of that day the doctor said that the hand of death was upon him.

The family and slaves gathered around. The aged man swooned away; they thought

the end was at hand, and many were weeping and sobbing.

Presently the dying general opened his eyes and said: "My dear children, do not grieve for me; it is true, I am going to leave you. I have suffered much bodily pain, but my sufferings are as nothing compared with that which our blessed Saviour endured upon the cross, that we might all be saved who put our trust in him."

Soon after saying this he took leave of the members of his family separately, beginning with Mrs. Jackson, wife of his adopted son. Then turning partly toward the piazza filled with a crowd of black servants, he said:

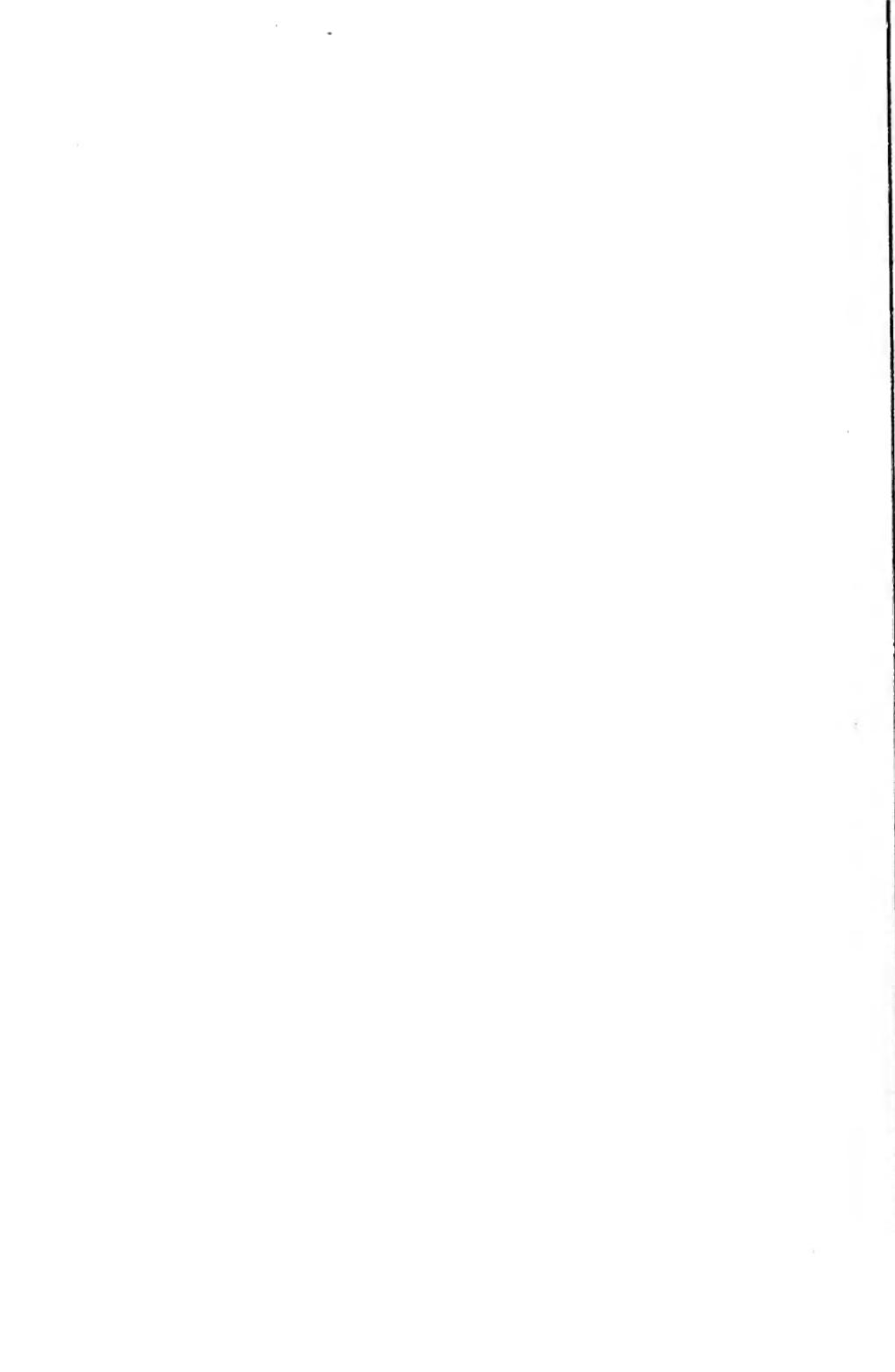
"My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black," repeating the last words, "both white and black."

Thus the day passed, till evening. The slaves had been standing about the house all day, looking through the windows, wringing their hands and weeping.

Half an hour before his death he heard the sobbing of these servants, and turning his head

slightly, said in a weak, tremulous voice, "What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven."

These were his last words. He died without a struggle at six o'clock in the evening. His body was laid to rest beside that of his wife in a little garden near the Hermitage.



A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE STORY OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BY MISS FRANCES M. PERRY.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNPROMISING START IN LIFE.

THE child was small to be alone in the forest. He seemed quite as much at home there, and looked almost as wild and tiny as a rabbit, as he darted along the shady deer-trail.

His little brown arms and legs were tanned till they were wellnigh as dark as the scant deer-skin garment he wore. No hat covered the shock of straight black hair that hung over his eyes.

He was scampering along at a lively pace, for he had caught a fish, and was taking it home for his mother to cook for his supper,

but he paused as he saw a strange man coming toward him.

At sight of the small sportsman the stranger stopped, too, and remarked, "That's a fine fish you have there, my boy." A smile lighted up the thin, dark face of the child. "Take it, sir, you're a soldier," he answered, gazing reverently at the dust-covered uniform of an infantryman of the War of 1812.

"What will your mother say if I take your fish?" asked the soldier, in some surprise. "She says soldiers are brave, and we must be kind to them," answered the lad, still offering the fish.

The man took it, saying it would make a hungry man a good supper. The boy ran on with a light heart to the little cabin in the clearing. He ate his supper of potatoes, which had been baked in the ashes of the hearth, with a good appetite while he told his adventure with the soldier.

The boy was Abraham Lincoln. The cabin in the clearing was the Kentucky home near Hodgenville, where he was born on the twelfth

day of February, 1809. The small hut, fourteen feet square, made of rough logs, without floor, without doors or windows, was little better than an Indian's lodge.

There were a few acres of corn growing back of the cabin, and there was a carpenter's bench near the doorway. But the bench was often idle and the weeds choked the corn, while Thomas Lincoln, a Rip-Van-Winkle sort of a man, was off in the woods with his dog and gun hunting wild turkey.

He had lived in Kentucky all his life. He could remember seeing his own father shot by an Indian while he was working in the field with his sons, not far from the fort. He had grown to manhood on the frontier, but, unlike many of his thrifty neighbors, he had not profited by the many opportunities to buy a good farm, and was still miserably poor.

Sometimes he resolved to go to work, to pay off his debts, and save a little money. After such a resolution he worked with a will for a time and accomplished a great deal, for he was unusually strong. But he lacked persistence,

and soon lost interest and slipped back into his old idle habits.

Little "Abe" liked to hear the stories his father had to tell about hunting and Indians; he liked to hear his father laugh at his pert remarks; he liked his rough caresses. But there were times when he avoided his strong hand, which to-day might be raised to strike him for some prank that yesterday would have brought only laughter.

But the gaunt, unsmiling mother had a gentle touch, and her anger was not easily roused. What was she thinking about while she hoed the corn and cured the skins and cooked the meals? Sometimes she talked to Abraham and his sister about the future. She hoped they would learn to read and write and that they would grow up to be very wise and good.

When a school was opened in the neighborhood, Mrs. Lincoln wished to send the children. Mr. Lincoln did not think it a matter of importance. His wife could read and write. She had taught him to write his name. She

could teach the children, when they were older, all they needed to know. But when Mrs. Lincoln had made up her mind to do a thing she was not easily discouraged; and her two children were among the boys and girls and the young men and women who gathered at the log school-house to learn the alphabet and master the spelling-book.

School was only open for a few weeks at a time, however, and most of Abraham Lincoln's days in Kentucky were spent in the forest, either alone or with his sister. When he was seven years old his father moved to a farm in Indiana, where land was cheap and game more abundant.

To move his family and household goods Thomas Lincoln borrowed two horses. One of them was loaded with a clumsy burden of kettles, pans, stools, and dressed skins. On the other the members of the family took turns riding. Though but a little boy, Abe showed great strength and endurance on the journey, and trudged along for hours together without making the least complaint.

The distance the family had to travel was only about seventy miles. It would not take long to travel seventy miles on a good road, but often these movers had not so much as a bridle-path to follow, and had to cut their way through the thick underbrush of the forest.

The roads that had been marked out were very poor, and the horses picked their way slowly between stumps and stones. To cross streams they had to find good fording-places, for there were no bridges. But at length the movers reached their new home on Pigeon Creek, about sixteen miles north of the Ohio River.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIANA HOME.

WINTER was now coming on, and necessity drove even lazy Thomas Lincoln to work. He sharpened his ax and, selecting a spot for a dwelling, began to chop down the trees growing there. He was not unaided in this work. His wife and little son were both able to wield the ax with long swinging strokes that drove its edge far into the tough wood.

Together they built with more haste than care a "half-faced camp" of logs; a half-faced camp was a shed roofed over and enclosed on the three sides from which cold winds were most likely to blow, but left open on the other. No doors, windows, nor chimneys were needed in this dwelling.

The open side gave plenty of light and air, and there the fire of brush and logs burned night and day to keep the prowling wolves

away and to boil the kettle and bake the corn-cakes. It did not require great skill in carpentry to make the furniture for the camp. A cross-section of a large log, supported on blocks of wood, served for a table, and three or four three-legged stools and a platform on which leaves, corn-husks, and skins might be strewn for a bed, made up the entire outfit.

When this rude shelter was completed and furnished there was still a hard year's work before Thomas Lincoln. Hunting was not a matter of sport but of necessity for him that fall. If he did not provide a good stock of smoked deer-meat the family might starve. Skins, for winter garments and to serve for blankets during the long cold nights when the fire burned low, had to be provided.

But the great work was to continue the clearing, to make space for a few acres of corn and a patch of wheat in the coming spring, and with the logs cut from the felled trees Thomas Lincoln built a permanent dwelling house.

The family did not suffer so much as you

might suppose during the winter in the half-faced camp. Felling trees was hard enough work to keep them warm even on the coldest days. The corn-cakes and the pork and venison they ate were nourishing and heat producing.

Constant exposure to the cold so hardened them that they were less sensitive than people accustomed to live in comfortable houses would be in such circumstances. Indeed, they were so well pleased with their new home that they sent glowing reports of it to their friends.

The next spring some of Mrs. Lincoln's relatives, members of the Hanks family, came to join them in Indiana. The house was so nearly completed that the Lincoln family moved into it and gave up the camp to the new-comers. The house was quite the best the family had ever lived in. It was made of hewn logs that fit neatly together.

The chimney was wide and deep. The room was eighteen feet square, and above it was a low loft, where Abraham Lincoln slept during his boyhood. A square opening was left in the floor of the loft, and a row of pegs driven into

the logs beneath it made as convenient a stair-way as the long-limbed boy cared for.

A floor, windows, and doors in the living-room were luxuries that Thomas Lincoln intended to indulge in at some future time, but after a winter in the half-faced camp the cabin seemed very comfortable without them. As long as all were well and strong the pioneers in the wilderness home got along well enough in spite of loneliness, hard work, and poverty.

But in the autumn of 1818 an illness peculiar to the new, undeveloped country broke out in southern Indiana, making cattle and men sick, and causing many deaths. Then they felt how hard it was to have no doctor within reach, no money to send thirty or forty miles to secure one, and no friendly neighbors to help to nurse and care for the sick.

Illness first visited the half-faced camp and two members of that household died. Before they were buried, Mrs. Lincoln was stricken with the disease. For seven days she suffered. Her husband and children did what they could to relieve her pain, but in spite of their best

efforts she grew steadily worse, and on the seventh day she knew that she must die.

As she placed her hand in blessing on the head of her ragged, ill-favored boy she saw only the love and sorrow that made his plain face very beautiful to her. At that moment she cared little whether he should ever become a great man or not. Her wish was that he should be a good one; that the deep, tender love he had always shown her might never die in his heart.

With heavy sorrow her husband and son made the pine coffin and dug the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. There was no clergyman to say a prayer nor tell her virtues when she was buried in the wheat-field, but her husband made the prayer, and neither he nor her children needed any one to remind them how patient, how uncomplaining, how kind and thoughtful for others had always been the woman of whom Abraham Lincoln said when he had grown to manhood: "God bless my mother; all that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to her."

But these simple people had a strong wish to pay full respect to the dead. So, as was customary, when a travelling preacher came into the neighborhood a few months later, a formal funeral service was held for those who had died in the settlement. People came from far and near to hear the long sermon and say a word of comfort to the mourners.

That winter was a wretched one for the Lincoln children. They found even the primitive housekeeping of the frontier difficult. It was easy to make corn-bread and to bake potatoes in the ashes, but to do it every day, to keep up the supply of salt and meal, to roast a wild turkey on a spit without burning it, to provide clothes to take the place of those worn out and outgrown, to keep the crowded little room with its mud floor decently clean—those were tasks that proved too much for Abe and his sister.

Besides, they were lonely; when storms raged, or when their father stayed away late hunting, and they heard the dismal cries of wild animals in the darkness, there was no one

to reassure them. They missed their mother very much. It was a glad day for them in December, a year later, after an absence of several days, their father came driving up to the cabin in a big moving wagon, bringing with him a kind-hearted, thrifty woman to be a second mother to them, and her son and two daughters.

At first the Lincoln children were shy and afraid to speak to the strangers. The neatly brushed and braided hair of the little girls made Sarah Lincoln conscious of the tousled condition of her own head. The clean, well-fitting clothes of the boy made Abe wish his shrunken buckskin breeches were more ample.

But the sweet face and motherly ways of the new Mrs. Lincoln soon made the children feel at ease, and before long they were lending willing hands to unload the wagon. With wonder and delight they saw the goodly array of kettles and bright pans, the great soft feather bed, the pile of patchwork quilts, and the fine black walnut bureau with drawers full of clean clothes.

Mrs. Lincoln was used to living in a comfortable, neat cabin, and she went to work at once to make the best of her new home. Under her direction Thomas Lincoln put in a good floor, took down the old skins flapping at windows and doorways, and put in their place windows and doors; and soon order and cleanliness reigned in the cabin.

Though clean, the house was now very crowded, for Mr. Lincoln had two children and Mrs. Lincoln had three, and the two Hanks' children from the half-faced camp had come to live with them.

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CHAPTER III.

ROUGH SCHOOLING.

EVERY year more settlers came to live in Spencer County, Indiana. When Abe Lincoln reached his eleventh year there were enough families living near to make it worth while to build a school-house.

The school-house was, like most of the dwelling houses, a small low building made of round logs. The chinks were daubed with clay to keep out the wind and rain. The floor was made of split logs with the flat faces turned upward. Oiled paper or parchment took the place of window-glass.

To-day we should think the teachers who held sway there very ignorant men. They knew how to read and write and spell; they also knew the simple processes in arithmetic. That was about all the book knowledge that was required of a backwoods schoolmaster in

the early part of the nineteenth century. The settlers did not see the use of more advanced learning.

Indeed, many of them thought these subjects more than necessary for their children to study. Thomas Lincoln was impatient that a strong, able-bodied boy like Abraham should waste his time reading words in a book and making figures on a shingle. Young Abe's step-mother felt differently. She was very fond of him, as her words spoken years later show.

She said: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say. Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or in appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine, what little I had, seemed to run together. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe; both were good boys, but I must say, both, now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or ever expect to see."

She had great respect for schools and books, and was determined that Abe should have as good opportunities as the other children in the

district. He liked to go to school and enjoyed study. He worked so hard at his lessons that he soon stood at the head of his classes. But he had gained little more than a good start before the money for paying the teacher was exhausted and the school was closed.

He attended school a few months when he was ten years old, again when he was fourteen, and again when sixteen. But so brief were the terms and so irregular was his attendance that in all, counting his schooling in Kentucky, he was not in school twelve months during his life.

At school he learned enough to enable him to study at home. His mother was proud of the fine legible hand he wrote, of the ease and rapidity with which he read, and of his reputation as the best speller in the district. She encouraged him to read and to figure, and treated his study as a matter so important that even his father came to take pride in Abe's scholarship, and no one disturbed him while he read or wrote.

This does not mean that he was excused

from doing manual work that he might study. When school was open, besides the walk there and back, which was always long, in one case being four and a half miles each way, he had to work before and after school hours. And when there was no school he was obliged to spend the best part of the day at work.

His father was a carpenter and tried to teach Abraham his trade. The youth made a chest of drawers and two or three small articles of furniture, but he did not care for the craft, and there were so many chances to do farm work that he gave the most of his time to that.

He grew rapidly, and by the time he was eighteen years old was six feet three inches tall. Though spare and angular, he was remarkably strong, and it is said no man in the country round about could drive an ax so far into an oak tree as he. His strength made him much in demand as a farm hand.

He cut a wider swath in the grass or grain than any other laborer; the trees fell rapidly under the telling strokes of his strong arm. When several workmen stood trying to move

a great log with a lever, he picked it up and carried it to the desired place. While he worked few could equal him.

The difficulty was to keep him at work, for he was only a boy and not fond of hard work. He liked to tell stories and play rough jokes on his fellow-workmen. He was sometimes found by his angry employer standing on a stump delivering a political speech or a mock sermon to an audience of laughing farm hands who should have been at work.

If the farmer heard the funny stories and droll remarks of the young orator, he usually had to join in the laugh in spite of himself. Once an employer, finding him idle when he should have been at work, demanded, "Didn't your father ever teach you to work?" "Yes," replied the exasperating boy, "he taught me to work, but he didn't teach me to love it."

When he had a motive for work he could keep at it as well as any one. On one occasion he damaged a book he had borrowed from Mr. Crawford, a farmer of grasping nature and harsh manners. The book was a copy of

Weem's *Life of Washington*. Abe had put it in a chink between two logs in the wall, near his bed. A driving rain coming up in the night had soaked the book so that its covers were bulging and ruined.

A book was an invaluable thing to young Lincoln. When he discovered the mishap he was greatly troubled. His stepmother suggested, however, that it would be possible to pay for the book. He went straightway to Mr. Crawford, told him what had happened, and said to him he was willing to work to pay for the injury. Mr. Crawford said the book was worth seventy-five cents, and directed him to pull fodder in a certain field for three days.

Young Lincoln afterward related, in the following words, his effort to make good his carelessness: "You see, I am tall and long armed, and I went to work in earnest. At the end of two days there was not a corn-blade or a stalk left in the field. I wanted to pay full damage for all the wetting the book got, and I made a clean sweep."

This little incident shows how precious a thing a book was in the life of the boy. He had few and, indeed, there were but few in all the neighboring country. When he heard of any one who had a book, he would go miles to borrow it, and then read it with the greatest eagerness.

John Hanks tells how, when young Lincoln came home from a day's work in the field, barefoot, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs as high as his head, and read as long as it was light; then, lying on the floor in front of the fire-place, with the aid of the glowing coals, he would read on into the night.

The books most familiar to him were Weem's *Life of Washington*, Æsop's *Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the Bible. He is said to have found a book of the laws of Indiana and to have read it with as much interest as other boys give to exciting tales of adventure. When he borrowed a book he copied the passages he wished to remember in a note-

book. These he read and explained to his stepmother.

He often wrote original compositions in his note-book. But paper was so scarce that he more frequently chalked his compositions on a wooden shovel with a piece of charcoal. When the surface was covered he was sometimes obliged to shave off the first part of his essay to make room for the last. This made him careful to write what he had to say in the smallest number of words possible.

His mother was so well pleased with his productions that he sought a wider audience for them. To the loungers at the village store his ideas were new and startling. His assertion that the sun did not move around the earth every day, but that the earth did the moving, they laughed at as impossible and ridiculous, but before he had finished talking he had made it all very plain.

Some of his papers were on such subjects as "Kindness to Animals," "The Importance of Temperance," etc., etc. Others were merely rude, coarse jingles or burlesques. He had a

good deal of information on political questions, and was regarded as a wonder by the frontiersmen who listened to his papers or speeches.

His eagerness for knowledge surpassed that of his associates; his appreciation of what was fine and good exceeded theirs. His interest and sympathies, while firmly rooted in a very low social plane, were already reaching beyond it.

CHAPTER IV.

OF AGE.

WHEN young Lincoln was eighteen years old he began to wish to strike out into the world and try his fortune. But the thought that it was his duty to obey and work for his father until he was twenty-one kept him toiling faithfully on the old farm.

In 1828, with his father's approval, he undertook a business enterprise quite unlike anything he had done heretofore. In those days, when there were no railroads and few good wagon-roads, transportation was carried on chiefly on rivers. A rich farmer in Spencer county, Mr. Gentry, wished to send a flat-boat load of produce down the Ohio and the Mississippi, to be sold at the towns along the rivers. He made arrangements with Thomas Lincoln that Abraham should take charge of this business.

Young Lincoln made the trip and disposed of the produce to the satisfaction of his employer. He had occasion to prove his courage as well as business ability on this trip. One night, while his boat was tied up near Baton Rouge, a band of negroes came aboard with the intention of plundering the boat. Young Lincoln, roused from sleep by the noise they made, rushed among them brandishing a heavy club with his long arms, and drove the intruders off howling to the plantation from which they had come.

The rest of the journey was made without disturbance or accident. A short time after this Thomas Lincoln, influenced by John Hanks' reports of the rich farming-land in Illinois, resolved to move once more. He turned his farm over to Mr. Gentry, sold his stock, and started in February with his wife and son, her son, and her daughters and their husbands to the prairie State.

The household possessions of all these people were comfortably stowed into a moving wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen, and still there was

room for the women to ride in the wagon. Abraham was now of age, and free to use his time and strength for himself. But, though he had longed for this freedom, he was now determined to see his father and his step-mother settled in their new home before claiming it.

The journey lasted for two weeks and was so difficult that the movers were glad to have this strong-armed, willing-handed member of their family with them. They had started early, so that they might get their plowing done and their seed planted in good season. It was a poor time to travel, for the frost was not yet out of the ground, and after the sun rose the surface became so soft that the wagon wheels cut deep ruts in the rough earth, and it required all the strength of the oxen to make any progress.

The streams froze over at night, and the oxen had to break their way through the thin ice to cross them. Abraham, for the most part, tramped beside the wagon, goad in hand, to keep the slowly plodding animals at their best

speed, or to add his strength to theirs to pull the wagon out of the mire.

He has told of one incident that happened on this journey which is very characteristic of him. After the family had crossed a broad but shallow stream, coated with thin ice, they missed their little yellow dog, and, looking back, they saw him barking furiously on the far shore.

Abraham wanted the company to turn back to get the forlorn little dog, but the men agreed that they could not spare the time to go back for the useless, troublesome little creature. He walked on, thinking he would accept their decision, but he could not endure the idea of deserting the affectionate little dependent, and, turning back, took off his shoes, rolled up his trousers, and waded through the icy water to rescue the overjoyed little animal.

These pioneers were not bound for the treeless prairies. They sought the wooded lands along a river, that they might have wood for building and for fuel. John Hanks had already

selected a site for them, and had cut the timber for a cabin. There were so many men in the company that a house was quickly built..

After that was done Abraham Lincoln, with the help of John Hanks, plowed fifteen acres of land, and split enough rails from the walnut trees growing near the river to build a rail fence around the clearing. We shall hear again of these fence-rails. They were destined to play a picturesque part at a critical moment in Lincoln's life.

The first months of Abraham Lincoln's majority were devoted to hard but cheerful service for others. Thomas Lincoln was not able, like some of his more prosperous neighbors, to start his son in life with a farm of his own or a mill or a shop. The latter left his father's home with an empty purse.

But from the hard frontier life he had known he had gained much good, much that is of more value than gold; in spite of malaria, exposure, discomforts, and poor food, he had developed great physical strength, a rugged constitution, and iron muscles; notwithstanding-

ing scant schooling, the lack of books, and association with only illiterate people, he had discovered a sense of intellectual power and an ambition to make the most of it.

Out of much privation and hardship he had brought a sound, genuine sense of humor and an easy-going good nature not often disturbed; among people rough and harsh in speech and manners, where moral standards were low, he had developed a character of inflexible integrity and honor.

Lincoln was not a venturesome youth and did not, on attaining his independence, greatly change his manner of living. He stayed near his father's house, splitting rails and working as a hired hand for neighboring settlers. One of his first enterprises was to provide himself with a respectable suit of clothes. He made a bargain with a woman who spun cloth to split fourteen hundred rails for a pair of trousers.

Through the influence of John Hanks he was engaged by Denton Offut to take a cargo of goods down the Mississippi. The trip was

noteworthy in that on this expedition Lincoln was for the first time roused to the horrors of slavery, for he saw men chained together and driven through the streets, and women and children sold at auction.

He showed himself so efficient in managing the sale of the goods that his employer engaged him to sell merchandise for him at a village called New Salem, on the Sangamon River, in Illinois. Lincoln arrived at the village before his employer had come with the goods, and passed a few days there without work.

One of these days was election day. The schoolmaster of the village was to act as one of the election clerks; the man who was to assist him was ill, and he could think of no one to take his place. Seeing the stranger, the schoolmaster asked him if he could write. The best penman of the Gentryville school replied that he could make a few "rabbit tracks," and was asked to act as clerk.

The voters, having many of them come from some distance to cast their votes, had no notion of going home as soon as that im-

portant but brief duty was performed. They lounged around the poles most of the day. They showed some interest in the strange clerk, who proved to be most agreeable and entertaining; drawing on his fund of anecdotes and amusing backwoods' experiences, he told story after story, to the great delight of his hearers.

A few days later Offut appeared, and with Lincoln's assistance opened his store. There was a roystering gang of youths from Clary's Grove, who carried affairs with a high hand in New Salem, and when they found that Lincoln had come to stay they looked curiously at him. It was their custom to give a new-comer a welcome that would prove his mettle.

They sometimes nailed him up in a hogshead and rolled the hogshead down a hill; sometimes they drew him into a quarrel and tried his muscle in a fist-fight. But the tall, good-natured clerk in Offut's store had so ready a tongue and seemed in every way so well able to take care of himself, that he might have escaped the ordeal had it not been for

his admiring employer, who boasted that Lincoln knew more than any other man in the county and could whip any man in Sangamon County.

The Clary's Grove boys were willing to admit his superior knowledge, but not his stouter fists, and they arranged for a fight between him and their leader, Jack Armstrong. The event caused great excitement.

For some time Lincoln contented himself with warding off Armstrong's blows, but when the latter lost his temper and dealt an unfair blow, the long-armed giant from Indiana put forth his whole strength and, taking his opponent by the throat, lifted him from the ground and shook him till he was breathless.

After this rather severe punishment, Lincoln had no warmer admirers or more generous friends in New Salem than Jack Armstrong and his followers. Through his funny stories and his remarkable strength Lincoln had quickly gained the good-will of the townspeople.

His duties at the store did not take all his

time, and he spent many hours in study. He learned from the schoolmaster that a man living seven miles away owned a grammar. He walked that distance to borrow the book. In a short time he had mastered the rules it contained, and had begun to analyze his own sentences and correct his errors.

He took a keen interest in the affairs of the town. The burning question at New Salem was whether or not the Sangamon River could be converted into a navigable stream. Lincoln took an active part in the discussion to prove that the river could be navigated.

When the Black Hawk War broke out Lincoln enlisted. He was made captain of a company of young men of the Clary's Grove type, who were quite able to take care of themselves and had no idea of military discipline. Lincoln was just the man to be their captain, for he had qualities they could appreciate.

His strength and bravery won their admiration; his friendliness, their affection; his dignity and firmness, their respect. He made a point of getting personally acquainted with all his

soldiers, and made lasting and devoted friends of most of them.

In 1848, when making a speech in Congress ridiculing the attempt to make a military hero of General Cass, he made the following amusing reference to his own experience in the Black Hawk War: "Did you know, Mr. Speaker, I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away. I was not in Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as General Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward.

"It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortle-berries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and, although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry."

In truth, the hardships that the volunteers were called upon to suffer—the long tramps, the want of provisions—seemed small matters to a man brought up in such want as Lincoln had always known. When the time for which he had volunteered his services expired, he re-enlisted. But the war was soon over; the rebellious Black Hawk was taken prisoner, and the volunteers were discharged.

CHAPTER V.

A POLITICIAN.

WHEN the Black Hawk War was over Lincoln had no work and no home. He went back to New Salem. It was time for the election of a representative for the State Legislature. Lincoln's success as a speaker had roused in him political ambitions, and he now announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature.

The great political parties at that time were the Whig and the Democratic. The Democratic party was the stronger. It was most popular among the poorer people in the North. A poor young man without influential friends, who wanted a public office, stood a better chance of success if he belonged to that party.

Lincoln wanted to be elected, but if he could

not be elected without sacrificing his political views, he would remain all his life a private citizen. He boldly announced himself a Whig. Only ten days intervened between his return from the war and election day, but he went to work with a will. He issued a circular in which he declared his political views, and made speeches in New Salem and in other towns near by.

He was a tall, gawky looking fellow, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat without a band, a homespun shirt and claw-hammer coat, and tow trousers that did not meet his shoes by several inches. People said when they saw him, "Is that the best man the Whigs can find to represent them?" But when they heard him speak they realized that the Whig candidate was not the clown he looked.

In his brief campaign he won so many votes that he was nearly elected. In the New Salem precinct only three of two hundred and eight votes cast were against him. The result of his first experience in politics was so encouraging to the young man that he resolved to study

law, and to make law and politics the business of his life.

But in the meantime he was very poor and must live. He looked around for some employment that would keep him in food and clothes, that would give him an opportunity to see and talk with men, and that would allow him time for study. He cared little about making money. He did not value greatly the things that money can buy. His ambition was not to be a wealthy man, but to be a man of influence, and his present aim was to fit himself to be that.

Had Offut not left New Salem, Lincoln would have been glad to continue as his clerk; for the life of a storekeeper combined the three advantages he was on the look out for: it furnished a livelihood; it gave an opportunity for knowing men, as the store was the general lounging-place; and it offered him time for reading and study.

It is not surprising, then, that Lincoln consented to buy on credit a half interest in a general supply-store in New Salem. Nor is

it surprising that, as his partner was a worthless fellow, and Lincoln spent more time lying on the counter reading law books or tilted back in a chair arguing politics with village loafers than in tending to business, the firm soon failed. This left Lincoln without work and burdened with a heavy debt.

In a short time he was made deputy county surveyor. He knew nothing about surveying, but he got some books and, with the help of the schoolmaster, by diligent application learned what he needed to know in order to do his work. He learned to use the transit and the surveyor's chain so well, and was so accurate in his calculations and in his work, that he was often called upon to settle disputes about the location of boundaries, and his decision was accepted as final.

He was also made post-master of New Salem. So little mail came to the village that he carried it around in his hat. The salary was also very slight, and the chief advantage he drew from this office seems to have been the opportunity it gave him to read all the

newspapers that were received by the citizens of New Salem.

He had secured some law books and was studying earnestly. When he went on a surveying trip he took a book and read as he rode. He made some blank books and practised writing out deeds and abstracts. Sometimes he went into the courts and acted as attorney for some man who was too poor to employ a regular lawyer.

While studying, he kept up his friendly relations with the young men of the town. He did not think, as some young politicians do, that he must do all the weak and foolish things his friends did in order to keep their favor. He did not smoke or use tobacco or drink as they did; he did not, like them, swear or bet. Yet he was their hero.

They laughed loud and long at his stories, and quoted them to all they met; they declared there was not a man in the county who was Lincoln's match at running or at throwing or lifting heavy weights; they told great tales of how at the cooper's shop he had lifted a box

of stones that weighed half a ton ; how he had lifted a barrel of whisky, and other incredible feats of strength.

His reputation for fair play and justice was as good as his reputation for skill and strength, and he was called upon to act as judge in all sorts of contests from cock-fights to political debates. They thought he knew all there was to know. They were proud to serve him in any way. Thus early he began to win the confidence and loyalty of those who knew him best.

This being the case, his political ambitions were constantly encouraged. At the next election he was made a member of the Legislature. He felt the dignity of the office, provided himself with a decent suit of jeans, and took his place among the law-makers of Illinois with a determination to acquit himself in such a way as to do credit to his district.

Vandalia was then the State capital. Here Lincoln met men of broader education and more liberal culture than those he had known at Gentryville and New Salem, and from these

he learned much. Among them he met a Democrat named Stephen A. Douglas. The latter was as much below the average height as Lincoln was above it.

Together they made a strange-looking pair. In the future they were to be closely associated with each other. Notwithstanding the limited opportunities for improvement that Lincoln had had, he impressed his fellow legislators as a young man of great force of character and sagacity. He was repeatedly re-elected by the voters of his district.

During his service as a State legislator no act brought him greater local popularity and commendation than the part he took in getting the State capital moved from Vandalia to Springfield. This made him a hero in the eyes of the citizens of Sangamon County. The people of Springfield gave a banquet in his honor, and the other villages in the county followed its example.

Among the toasts given at these banquets were these: "Abraham Lincoln—he has fulfilled the expectations of his friends and

disappointed the hopes of his enemies" and "Abraham Lincoln—one of nature's noblemen." The most characteristic act performed by Lincoln during his service as legislator, however, was one that did not increase his popularity.

In the North and West there was a strong sentiment against Abolitionists, who were regarded as disturbing spirits and mischief-makers. The Legislatures of many of the States passed resolutions denouncing their utterances and acts. The feeling against the Abolitionists was especially strong in southern Illinois, which was settled chiefly by Kentucky people, many of whom sympathized with the slave-holding South.

In 1837 resolutions declaring disapproval of the Abolitionists were passed by the General Assembly of Illinois almost unanimously. It was merely a political measure, intended to have no effect on the actions of men. Many in Lincoln's place would have thought they had done their full duty in voting against the resolutions. But Lincoln could not allow them

to go on record without a protest; he drew up one worded most guardedly but declaring plainly that "the undersigned believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy."

In the Assembly he could find only one member who would add his signature to the document, but he nevertheless passed it in. It is known in history as the Lincoln-Stone protest, Lincoln's first official measure against slavery.

CHAPTER VI.

A LAWYER.

IN March, 1837, Lincoln was licensed to practice law. As a member of the Legislature he had come to feel at home in Springfield, where, as we have seen, he was exceedingly popular. When, therefore, he received from John T. Stuart, one of the established lawyers of Springfield, an invitation to become his partner, he resolved to accept it and make Springfield his home.

Accordingly, he borrowed a horse and rode into the capital one morning with all his worldly goods, a few books and some clothes, stuffed into the saddle-bags. He was not particular about the sort of place he lived in. The cost and trouble of securing a lodging-place depressed his spirits.

He enquired of the cabinet-maker the price of a single bed. Then he went to his friend,

Joshua F. Speed, and asked him what the cheapest mattress, pillow, and blankets would be worth. His friend said he could furnish him a comfortable bed for seventeen dollars.

"That is no doubt cheap enough," said Lincoln, mournfully, "but I haven't seventeen dollars to my name. If you are willing to give me credit till Christmas I may be able to pay you, but that depends on whether or not I succeed at law." "You make a very grave matter of a slight expense," replied the other; "if it troubles you so much, come share my big room and big double bed, and it will cost you nothing."

"Where is it?" demanded Lincoln, eagerly. "Overhead, over the store," answered Speed, pointing to the stairs. Lincoln took his saddle-bags on his arm without a word and went up stairs. In a few minutes he returned, his face beaming with smiles, and announced, "Well, Speed, I'm moved." Thus simply was his perplexity solved through his friend's kindness.

The store was the meeting place of many

of the promising young men of Springfield. They gathered about the great fireplace and talked politics and told stories. Lincoln was soon leader of the group. In 1842 he married Mary Todd, a well-educated, accomplished young woman, a member of an aristocratic Southern family. Her sister had married a Springfield man who was a friend of Lincoln's, and it was at their home that Lincoln and Miss Todd became acquainted.

Mrs. Lincoln was ambitious for her husband's advancement, and did much to help him overcome his extreme peculiarities of dress, speech, and manner. After his marriage Lincoln and his wife made their home at the Globe Tavern, an unpretentious inn, where their board cost only four dollars a week. In 1844 he bought a comfortable frame house, which was his home for the rest of his life, with the exception of those years spent in Washington.

Mr. Lincoln's attention was henceforth divided between politics and law. While in Springfield he was at different times a member

of three different law firms: Stuart & Lincoln, Logan & Lincoln, and Lincoln & Herndon. Even after he was made president he retained his membership in the last-named firm.

He had no great knowledge of law, but he had great honesty and common sense and knowledge of human nature, and was so successful in winning cases that he became a most popular advocate. Though he was in debt and needed money, he was never so eager for profit as to forget what he considered his duty.

He believed that a lawyer should never encourage strife, but should, on the contrary, be a peacemaker and discourage lawsuits where he could. He refused to take many a case simply because he believed the man who wished to employ him was in the wrong. He dismissed one would-be client in this fashion: "Yes, we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to

which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you.

"You must remember that some things legally right are not morally so. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Indeed, Lincoln's habit of taking only the side which he believed to be right was so well known that his very presence in a case had great weight with a jury.

His office was equipped with two green baize tables, a case of pigeon-holes, a couch, a few chairs, and a few books. It was an untidy, dreary place, but those in distress who climbed the narrow stairs that led to it were sure of not being turned away because they were not able to pay a large fee.

One day Hannah Armstrong, the wife of

the wrestler who had welcomed Lincoln to New Salem with a fight, came to the office of the latter in great trouble. Her son was to be tried for murder. Lincoln heard her story and promised her that her boy should be cleared before sundown. The chief witness said he had seen William Armstrong commit the murder by the light of the moon.

Lincoln was very particular to make the witness state at just what time the deed was done, how far away he was, and how clearly he could see in the moonlight. Then he astonished every one by drawing an almanac from his pocket and showing that the moon was not shining at the time the witness claimed to have seen the murder committed.

When the overjoyed mother learned that her son was saved, she hastened to Lincoln to thank him and to ask him what she owed him for his services. He answered her that he had not forgotten the old days at New Salem when he was penniless, and she and her husband had befriended him and made him welcome in their house to the best they had.

He refused to take any fee from the poor woman.

Lincoln had little business method. If he had an unusual or difficult case he worked hard over it, but for an ordinary case he made little formal preparation. He planned his line of argument, took a few notes, which he usually carried in his high silk hat, and that was all.

He was much in demand as an attorney in various Illinois towns, and wherever Judge Davis was holding court Lincoln was pretty sure to be one of the company of lawyers that "rode the circuit" with him. In travelling from place to place he rode horseback or drove in a dilapidated old buggy. The lawyers, when attending the circuit court, boarded and lodged together in some inn or large private house.

They were treated with great respect and given the best the host had to offer, but even the best was not very good. They often slept two in a bed, four in a room. However crowded the room or poor the fare Lincoln

never complained. He easily accommodated himself to circumstances, and enjoyed going on the circuit.

While his companions slept he often studied till two o'clock in the morning. He studied by the light of a kerosene lamp placed on a rush-bottom chair beside his bed. The light was poor, the room was cold; why not go comfortably to sleep like the others? If the temptation came, he did not often yield. It was in those night hours that he learned geometry and read Shakespeare.

In the daytime, when not in court, he was usually the center of an interested group of townspeople and fellow-lawyers assembled to listen to and laugh at his shrewd sayings and funny stories.

In court he spoke in a slow, drawling way and seemed rather listless. Those who did not know him thought he must be a poor sort of a lawyer, but they soon learned better. It was his habit to grant to his opponent—with an indifferent “I reckon I must be wrong” or “I reckon it’s fair to let that in”—all the

points he could justly claim; but as the opposing lawyer began to feel that the victory was his, Lincoln would introduce some clinching argument against him.

He was a sharp, clear reasoner, and though apparently inattentive and indifferent, was most alert. Besides, he had oratorical powers which won the sympathy of the jury for his cause; he was a matchless mimic, and was able to use mimicry, irony, sarcasm, and funny stories to put the jury into a good humor or make his opponent appear ridiculous.

He was quite as able, when the case demanded it, to rouse a sense of righteous indignation or even to make the honest-hearted jurors weep out of pity for his client. These gifts, added to the prevailing confidence in his honesty, made him a powerful advocate in a community where the question "Is it lawful?" was less important than the question "Is it right?"

CHAPTER VII.

POLITICAL SUCCESS.

THE qualities that made Lincoln a successful lawyer also contributed to make him a successful politician. He had been recognized in local politics for some time before he was called upon to take part in national affairs. In 1840, when General William Henry Harrison was nominated for the presidency, Lincoln was made presidential elector.

General Harrison had been closely identified with western life, having been governor of Indiana Territory and the hero of Tippecanoe. The log-cabin and hard cider figured prominently in the campaign. Lincoln stumped the State for Harrison. His speeches attracted much attention. Sometimes he held debates with Stephen A. Douglas, a Democratic speaker, who was very shrewd and able. The

debates held by these two popular speakers drew great crowds.

Having represented his district in the State Assembly for several years, Lincoln was elected Congressional Representative in 1846. He thought now the opportunity had come to make his mark in the political world; his constituents were fond and proud of him; he learned that they were waiting impatiently for their "Honest Abe," as they called him, to distinguish himself.

The war with Mexico was in progress. Lincoln knew that the men who had elected him favored the war, but he was opposed to it. He contended that it was unnecessary and had been begun unconstitutionally. He declared the president had no right to plunge the nation into war. He was not only sure that his views were right, but he believed that the men who had elected him would believe as he did if they knew what he knew.

He did not in the least doubt that he would be able to show them that he was right. He made a brilliant speech against the president's

policy, but his friends in Sangamon County were so displeased with its contents that they cared nothing for its brilliancy. Nor was he able by other work to redeem himself in their estimation. When his term ended he was not re-elected.

In many ways his experience at the national capital was helpful to him. There he came in touch with the great thinkers of the nation. He saw and heard educated, experienced statesmen, such men as Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun. Though he realized his own defects when he compared himself with such men, he was not discouraged. He saw that, in spite of his limited opportunities, he could reason as well as any one, and he had no difficulty in holding attention when he addressed the House.

He resolved to study hard to make up for defects in his education, and it was after this that he studied geometry while practising law. For five years after his return from Washington he devoted his attention to law and gave little time to politics. In 1854, when, through

the efforts of Stephen A. Douglas, the Missouri Compromise was repealed and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was framed, he was roused once more to take an active part in public affairs.

Lincoln still believed, as he had long before declared in the Lincoln-Stone protest, that the institution of "slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." He, therefore, regretted this new law withdrawing the restraint that had existed to the spread of slavery in the United States, and making it possible for the settlers in the territories to decide whether they should come into the Union as slave or free States.

General excitement prevailed. Proslavery men were sending "squatters" into the territories to vote for slavery; the Abolitionists, full of wrath, were hurrying to the frontier to look after the interests of freedom. Border-war broke out along the boundary between Kansas and Missouri, and shocking outrages were enacted there daily.

While the Abolitionists and Proslavery Democrats contended with bitterness, many of

the Whigs and not a few anti-slavery Democrats looked on with indignation at the aggressive measures of those interested in the extension of slavery. On returning to Illinois, Douglas found himself unpopular even in his own party. He saw he would have to explain to the people of Illinois what he had done in Washington.

During the State fair he visited Springfield and made a speech on Popular Sovereignty. So adroitly did he handle the question that he seemed to be regaining the good-will of his constituents. Lincoln was urged by those who were opposed to Popular Sovereignty to reply; he did so in a wonderful speech that quite overcame the effects Mr. Douglas had produced.

Lincoln's friends were so satisfied with his speech that they induced him to follow up Douglas on a tour of the State, and after the latter had made an address in a town to answer him. Mr. Douglas was well informed, a keen thinker, and a brilliant speaker. He was very small in stature, but he had so much

power in argument that he was called the "Little Giant."

This man had rarely found his equal in debate, but now he found himself more than matched. He told Mr. Lincoln that he had given more trouble on this question than the entire United States Senate. He said that if Lincoln would withdraw from the field and make no more speeches he, too, would stop.

They did not come to this agreement, however, until after the Lincoln-Douglas debates had attracted widespread attention, and Lincoln had spoken words that were not to be forgotten lightly by those who heard or read them. Lincoln was elected to the Legislature after this, but he resigned that he might better work for the United States Senatorship, which he greatly desired. He was, however, disappointed in his hope of being made senator in 1855.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1856, he went to Bloomington, Illinois, to attend a convention held for the purpose of organizing a new political party. Whigs were there, men of the

Free Soil party were there, conservative Abolitionists and Anti-slavery Democrats were there. Together they brought into being the great Republican party.

After many eloquent speeches had been heard a cry for Lincoln arose. He made his way to the front of the room. "Take the platform," shouted the people. He began simply and slowly, almost hesitatingly, but as he spoke he warmed to his subject. He straightened his stooping shoulders and seemed to tower even above his usual height. He seemed inspired. The sympathy of his audience carried him away.

He forgot to be cautious. He spoke the thoughts that had been lying unuttered in his heart and in theirs. His bold words so moved the people that even the reporters forgot their duty in the enthusiasm of the hour, and the speech has been known as the "lost speech."

One man in the audience said, "It paralleled or exceeded the scene in Revolutionary Virginia of eighty-one years before when Patrick Henry invoked death if liberty could not be

preserved, and said, 'After all, we must fight.' " The new party nominated John C. Freemont for president, but it had not yet gained sufficient strength to carry an election, and the Democratic candidate, James Buchanan, was elected.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LEADER.

AN election of United States Senators occurred in 1858. Abraham Lincoln was chosen as the candidate of the Republicans of Illinois. At the close of the convention he delivered an address of which he afterward said that if all he had ever written or spoken except one lecture must be blotted out of existence, this one—the “last speech”—he would save from destruction.

He had known for some time that he should be called upon to make the speech and he had prepared it carefully. He had read it to his political friends. They had warned him that it was unwise at this time to make so bold and plain a statement of his views. One paragraph in particular, they said, if delivered would certainly secure his defeat.

But that was the very paragraph Lincoln

was determined to give to the world. Accordingly, in the old State House at Springfield, amid the disapproving silence of his friends, he spoke these memorable words: “‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.”

Those who were most anxious to see elected to the United States Senate the man who had the courage to say this, were yet grieved that he had spoken; they feared they were losing a senator; they did not know they were gaining a president.

Lincoln was so full of the truth and justness of his words that he could not regard them as fatal to his ambition for the Senate. He neglected his business and gave his best efforts to the campaign. During the months that followed he held seven debates with Douglas, made thirty-one speeches arranged for by the State committee, and many informal speeches.

While Douglas was touring the State every possible provision for his comfort was made by his wealthy and influential friends: they invited him to their homes; they put their carriages at his disposal; the Illinois Central Railroad Company furnished him with a private car; prominent citizens in every town led the applause when he spoke.

Lincoln had comparatively little support from the rich and powerful, and from that class he suffered many humiliating slights. Travel-worn and weary he made his way from place to place with only such help and encouragement as came from the assurance that he was more and more making the people see this grave question as he saw it.

When defeat came he wrote to a friend: "I am glad I made the race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable questions of the age which I could have had in no other way; and, though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone."

Abraham Lincoln's efforts were not lost. His words had not fallen on dead ears. His name was becoming a familiar one in all parts of the country. In October, 1859, he accepted an invitation to speak in New York City some time in the winter. As he was but, personally, slightly known in the East, he prepared himself with great care for his first appearance in New York.

His plan was to take for his text the words of his rival, Stephen A. Douglas, "Our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question just as well, and even better, than we do now," and to show that those who framed the government under which we live did not forbid the Federal

government to control slavery in the Federal territory.

On the twenty-seventh of February, 1860, he stood on the platform of Cooper Institute, before a great assembly of highly educated, cultivated men and women. For a moment, as he looked into the hundreds of critical faces before him, he felt very conscious of the six feet four inches of his angular, uncouth frame. He was aware that his ill-fitting coat had not been improved by its journey in a carpet-bag, he realized that his collar would not stay down, and that one sleeve pulled up whenever he lifted his arm.

He could hear his own voice and knew it was high and piercing, but gradually he forgot all those small things and remembered only the message he had to deliver. And those eastern people who had, many of them, come to criticise, or out of curiosity to see what the far-famed "Honest Abe" was like, to be entertained with his eccentricities and funny stories, found themselves, instead, thinking very hard as their minds

grasped the truths he hurled at them and worked with his to inevitable conclusions.

And when he took up the moral side of the question and spoke of the terrible wrong and injustice of slavery, there was not one in the audience whose heart was not stirred. All realized that they were listening to a great and earnest man.

The next day the New York papers said that never in the history of the city had a speaker so captivated a New York audience on his first appearance. It was, indeed, a triumph for this man whose only schooling had been the rough school of life on the frontier. Later he made several other successful speeches in New England.

People now recognized him as one of the leaders of the Republican party, and there was talk of his being nominated for the presidency.

In May the Republicans of Illinois held a convention at Decatur to decide upon the man for whom their delegates to the National Convention should vote. There could be little

doubt of the place Lincoln held in their esteem.

While the convention was in session Lincoln's cousin, John Hanks, walked into the hall with a weather-worn black walnut fence-rail on either shoulder. All knew what it meant. These were two of the rails Abe Lincoln had split for his father in 1830. They stood for hard labor, but honorable, *free* labor. They were more eloquent than words.

A sense of how good and great a thing it is for a man to be able to work for himself, and to cut and hew his destiny according to his own ability and will, swept over that audience of men who believed that slavery was harmful to the man who obliged another to do his work, as well as to the man obliged to work against his will.

The enthusiasm roused there spread over the State and over the nation, and when, a week later, the National Republican Convention was held at Chicago, Lincoln was one of the two leading candidates for the nomination. The Republican party had become one of the

two great political parties of the country, and the public waited with breathless anxiety to learn what happened in the great convention hall or wigwam, as the hall was named.

The eastern people and many western men favored the nomination of William H. Seward, a scholarly, able man, but with each ballot taken at Chicago it became more and more evident that Lincoln would be the choice of the convention—and when at length the cannon on the top of the wigwam boomed over the prairies, it was to announce this triumph.

While the excitement was going on in Chicago, Lincoln sat in a large arm-chair in a newspaper office in Springfield. When word came of his nomination he strode off toward home, as he said, "to tell a little woman down street the news."

The campaign of 1860 was conducted with intense feeling. The Democratic party had divided and had in the field two candidates, Lincoln's rival in debate, Douglas, and John C. Breckinbridge. This division of the

opposing party gave the Republicans hope. Nor was their hope in vain. In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected.

On the eleventh of February, 1861, the presidential party left Springfield for Washington. In spite of a severe storm a large crowd gathered at the station to see the president-elect start on his journey. Mr. Lincoln was touched by their evident affection; he found it a hard matter to say farewell to his old friends; he had made his stepmother a good-bye visit and had spent a few days in New Salem.

Some way the poor plain people, so closely associated with his boyhood and early manhood, seemed very precious now, that he was leaving them—perhaps forever. As he stood on the rear platform, looking into the familiar friendly faces, he was oppressed with a deep sadness. He spoke a few words of affectionate farewell and then started on his way, “to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE outlook had in it nothing of cheer for President Lincoln. The Southern States were united in rebellion against the North; the North was divided into factions, bitterly opposed to each other; disloyalty and lack of confidence were general. The conservative citizens of the North were wailing, "Let the South keep their slaves and carry them where they will. Peace and union at any price!"

The over-zealous were urging war. The nations of the earth waited the outcome like expectant birds of prey. The grim specter of war seemed brooding over the country, and the darkness of the shadow of death was upon its people. Lincoln was deeply depressed, but resolute. He saw his duty clearly.

He did not believe it was to rule the people, but to rule for them. As he had believed in

the Mexican War, he still believed. Change in point of view had not altered his faith in the sovereignty of the people. Feeling so, it was hard for him to face the many evidences of distrust and ill-will that his countrymen entertained toward him.

But they were too plain to escape him. Threats were even made against his life, and many believed he would never be inaugurated. Plots were made for his destruction, but they were discovered and he reached Washington in safety. There he was guarded by soldiers.

The fourth of March was cold and dreary. The people who gathered near the capitol to witness the inaugural ceremony were silent and grave. The president-elect was treated with cold courtesy by men who made it clear that they considered him less worthy than themselves. The vanquished Douglas, who knew his worth, sought to make him feel at ease. It was he who came forward when Lincoln was looking about for a place for his hat, and held it while the latter was reading his address.

Lincoln read in a high penetrating voice that was heard at a great distance. His words were wise and strong. He said, in part:

"In view of the constitution and the laws, the union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war.

"The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection."

But wise words could avail little. A time

of trial and terror had come to the nation. When things go wrong men want to blame some one. Now it was the chief executive who had to endure the general condemnation. Men did not hesitate to call him incompetent, inert, indifferent. He did not shield himself in an armor of formality. His simplicity, his easy-going friendliness, and apparent lack of diplomacy invited frankness, and he received censure and slight from party leaders who thought themselves his superiors.

Unmoved by denunciation, confident of the wisdom of his policy, slowly but surely he worked out his great plan to unite the North and to strengthen the Federal cause in the border States. He spared himself no pains; day after day he toiled in the executive office over the hard task of "balancing things."

He denied no one who wished to see him, and even the disappointed office-seeker went home his friend. It made him sick at heart that men should show such greed for office at such a time, but he concealed this, and by personal friendliness and a wise distribution

of offices did much to conciliate opponents and to reconcile hostile factions.

Men of all political beliefs sought to influence the new president. "Declare war," dictated many, thinking they knew better than he. He knew that the people did not yet feel the necessity of war. Let the South take the first step—then the people of the North would rise of their own will to defend the union.

It was the firing on Sumpter that proclaimed war, not the president of these United States—his call to arms was but the echo of that cannon-roar that roused the nation. The answer came not reluctantly, but eagerly:

"We are coming, father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand strong."

The Abolitionists insisted, "Make this a war for freedom. Emancipate the slaves." The man who had carried in his great, freedom-loving heart the cause of the slave from his early youth, who had looked forward to the crowning event of the age, found such opportunity hard to resist. But the strength of his

personal wish in the matter made him slow to act lest it might blind him to the wish of "My rightful masters, the American people."

He said in a republic one man could not free the slaves. It must be the people's act. In their own good time they would demand it. Till then such a measure would result only in evil to the Union cause, in disaffecting northern men of southern sympathies and hopelessly alienating the border States.

Emancipation must not come till it would help, not harm, the Union. It was his old habit, before the jury, of waiving all side issues and firmly and persistently holding to the main one. But when the people came to look upon the freedom of the slave as a necessary step to crush rebellion and re-establish peace, when they came to recognize in the fire and bloodshed of this desolating war the fruit of the great evil, emancipation became their plea.

Then, indeed, their responsive representative was not slow with his proclamation. Notwithstanding the stimulus of this act, the war tugged bitterly on with its awful balance of

victory and defeat. In all his anxiety for the ends he desired, Lincoln never became indifferent or hardened to the heroism and sorrow that the battles fought to win them cost.

He ever had a father's care for the boys in blue and a father's proud sorrow for those who fell. Few can read without a thrill of patriotism the words he spoke at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this

ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is, rather, for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the face of the earth."

But it was not only in public that this great president paid tribute to the private soldier. Here is a letter he wrote to a woman he did not know whose sons had fallen in battle:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

"November 21, 1864.

"MRS. BIXBY,

"DEAR MADAM:

"I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The man who wrote this did not love war. Yet such was his strength of purpose that when the very men who had once rebuked his slowness, whose zeal had demanded, "Make war," "Emancipate the slaves," "On to Richmond," before his wisdom dared, were clamoring for peace, he was writing in his second inaugural address:

"Fondly do we hope and fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said, 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

Indeed, as General Grant had said, Lincoln's re-election was a victory worth more to the country than a battle won. Soon peace returned to the nation, and Lincoln had begun—"with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right—to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who had borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which might achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations"—when he was taken from his people by the bullet of an assassin, and the national rejoicing was hushed by a deep sense of grief.

This sense of personal loss in the midst of triumph, that thousands of men, women, and children felt, has been expressed in a noble poem by Walt Whitman :

“O captain ! my captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

“O captain ! my captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle thrills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;

Here captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

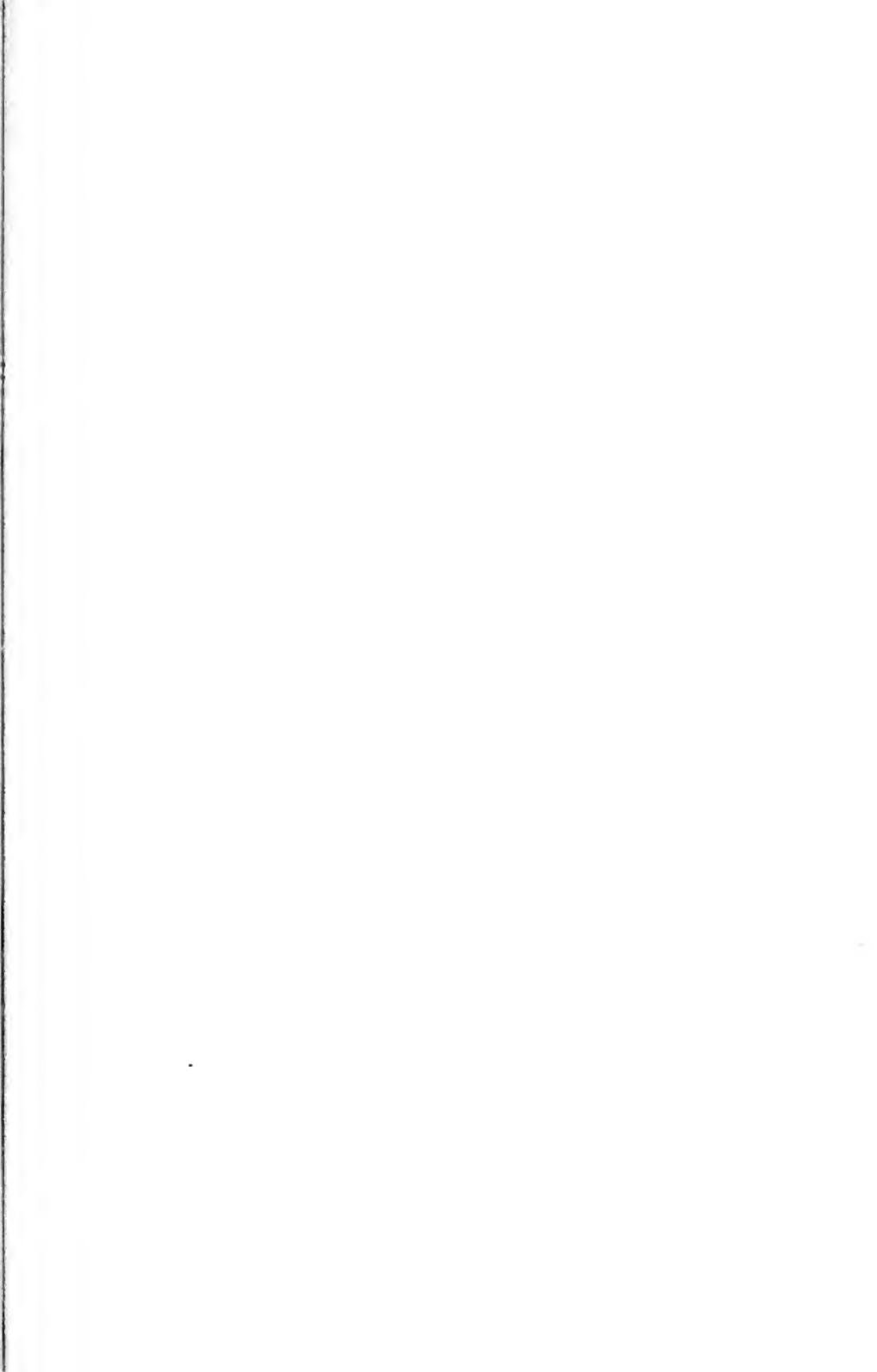
It is some dream that on the deck,

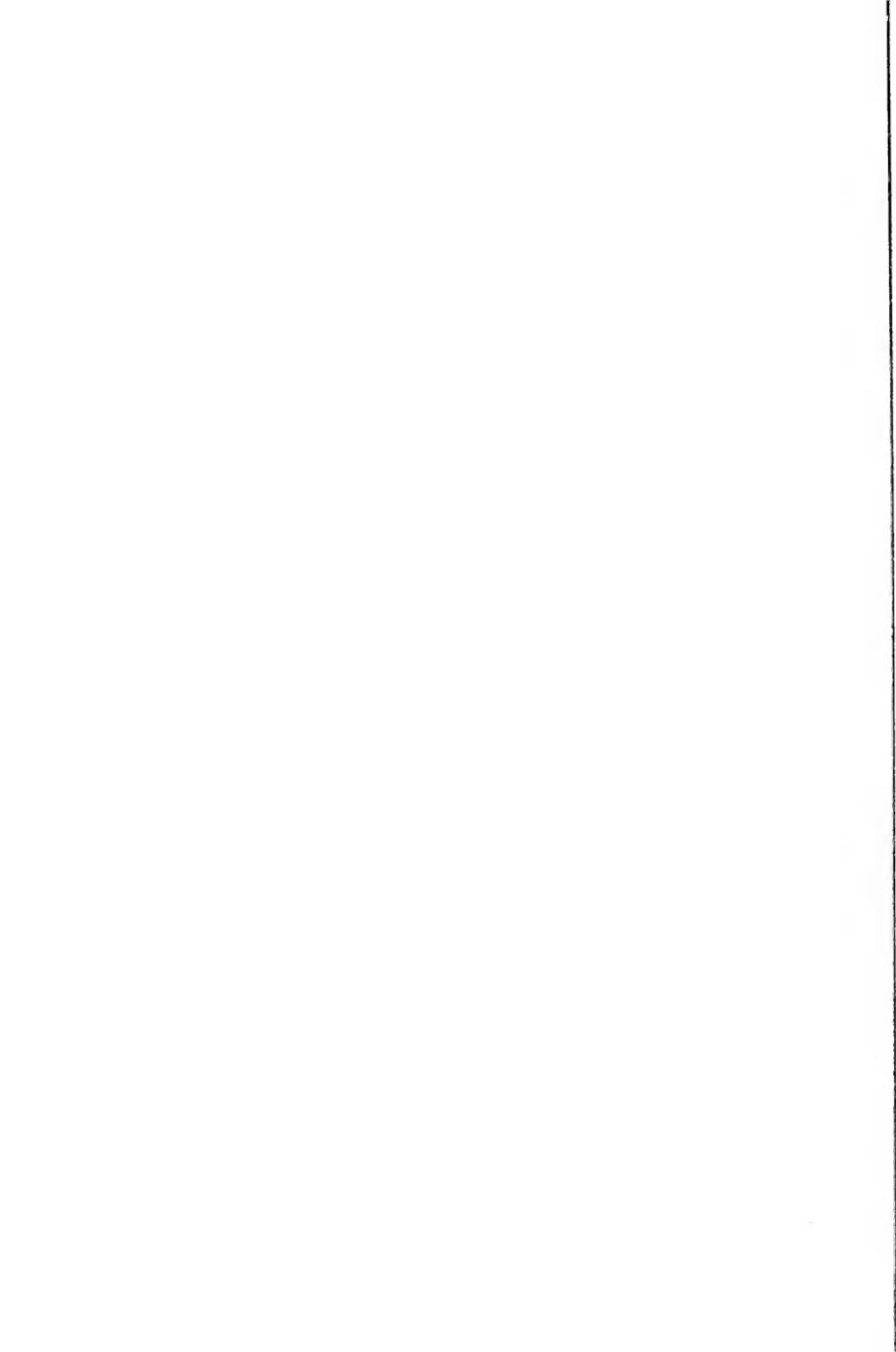
You've fallen cold and dead.

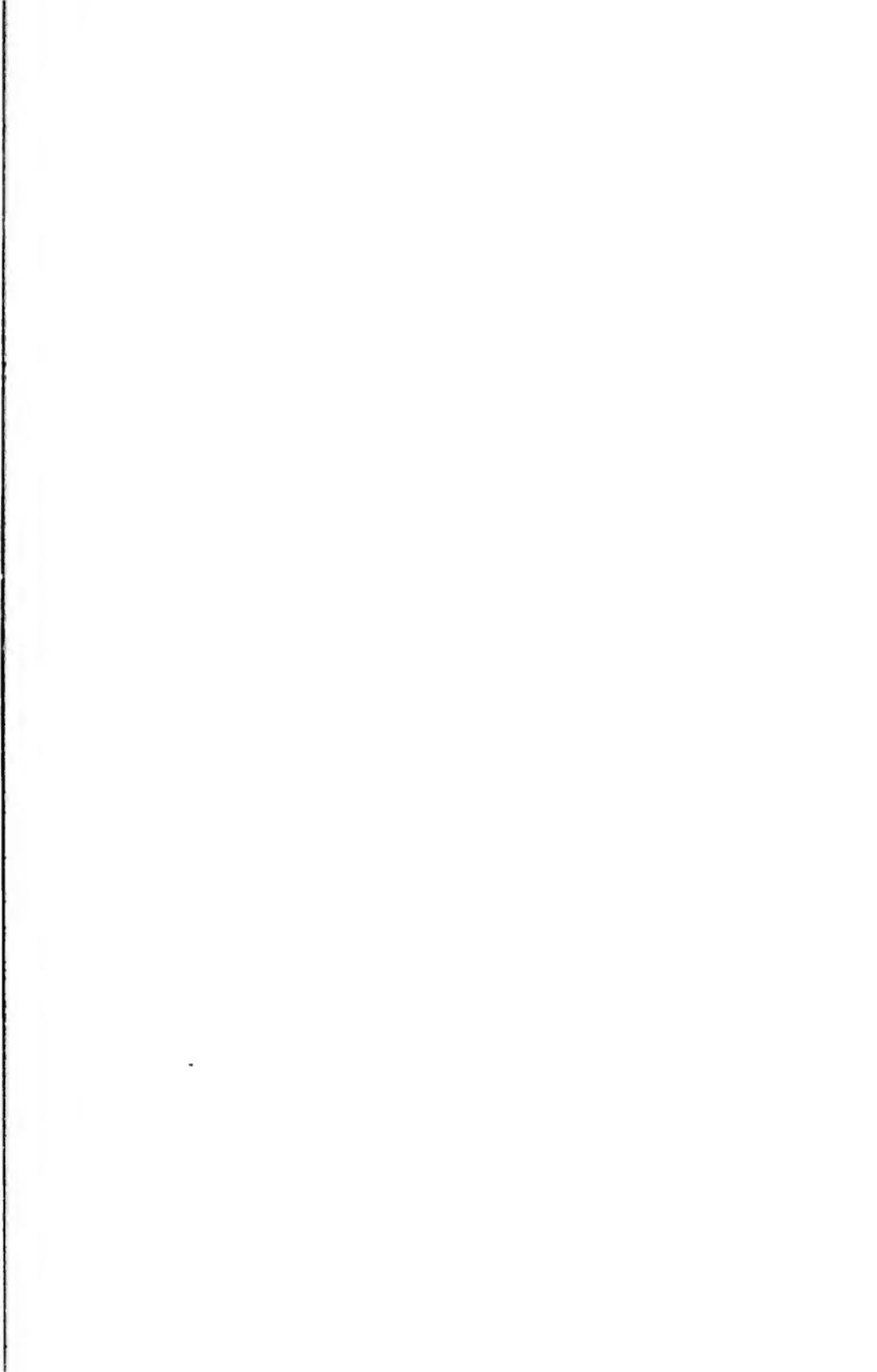
" My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

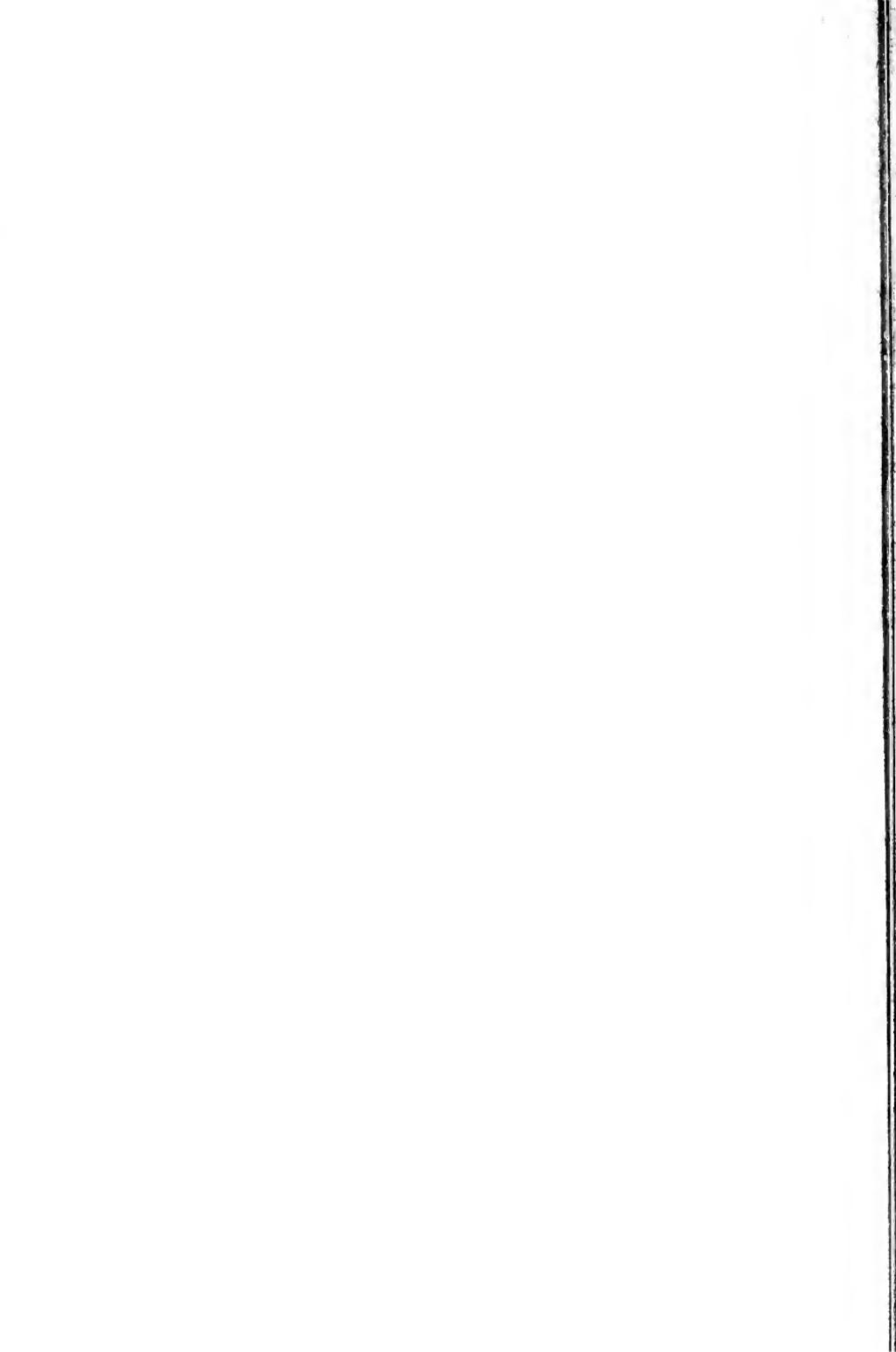
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

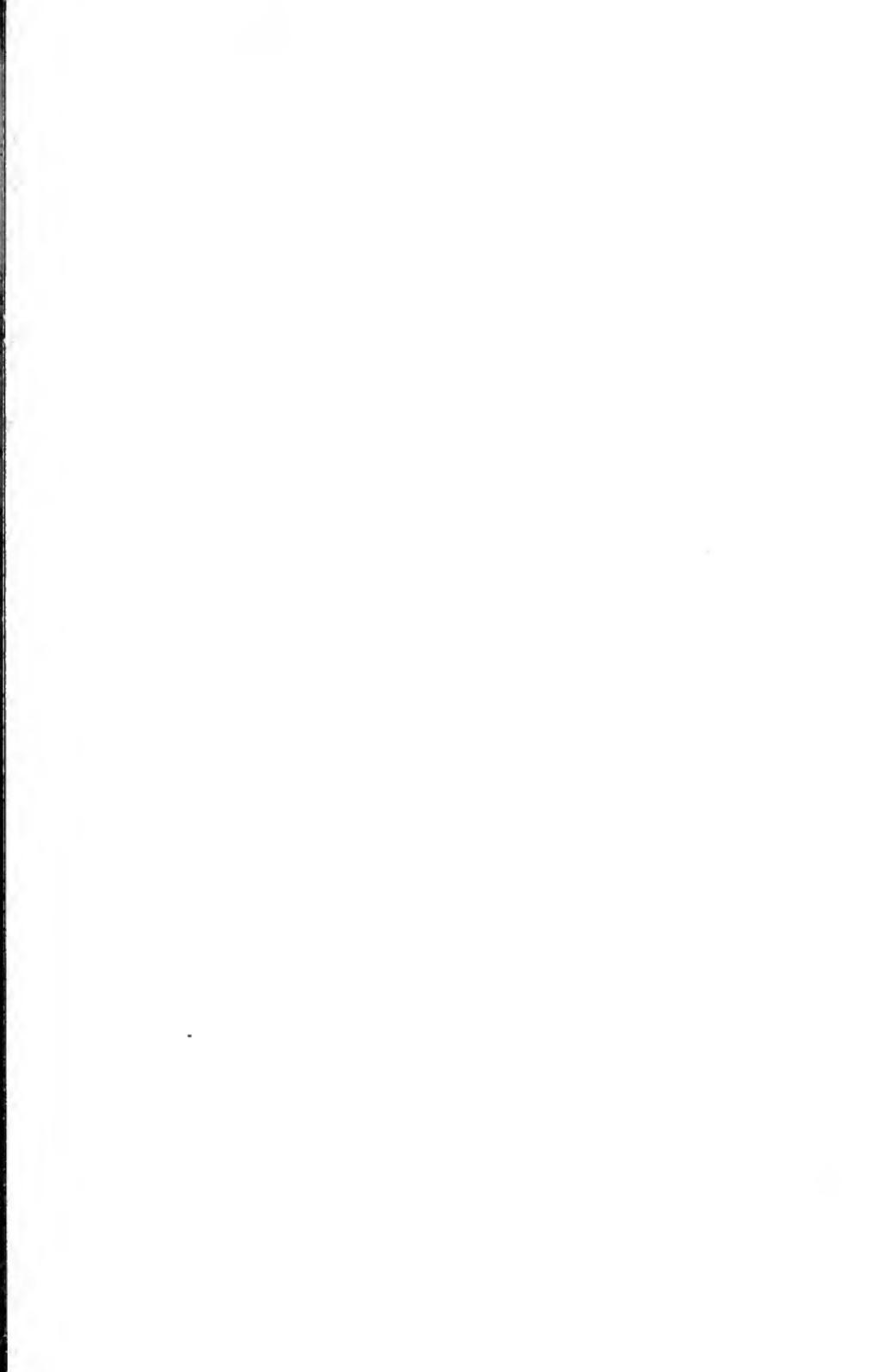
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